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The Shape of Things

THERE IS EVERY REASON TO BE THANKFUL for the last-minute settlement of the shipping dispute. The immobilization of the American merchant fleet at this time would have meant a severe setback to slowly reviving world commerce; domestically it would have involved the risk of violent disorder in view of the government's intention to take over the ships and the disunity of the maritime unions, which are split between C. I. O. and A. F. of L. Peace was secured thanks to dirct intervention in the negotiations by the government, which at a late hour awoke to the fact that it owned 80 per cent of the ships and was underwriting the operations of the remainder. Credit is also due to Philip Murray, C. I. O. president, who seems to have used all his influence to persuade the maritime leaders to accept a settlement that gives them a good deal less than their demands, even though it represents a very distinct advance in pay and working conditions. An increase in base pay of $17.50, combined with a reduction in the working week from 56 hours to 48 at sea and 40 in port, is expected to provide average take-home pay of about $200 a month. Shipowners complain that as a result labor costs will be three to four times those of foreign operators and fear that the taxpayers will not be willing to shoulder the expense of keeping a large merchant marine afloat under the American flag. They forget that ships need men to work them and that if seamen's wages are not kept in line with those paid for comparable shore jobs the men will not be available, unions or no unions.

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PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S VETO OF THE CASE bill has provoked an angry response from a section of the press that only a few weeks ago hailed him as a national hero. It is hard to believe that the man who made such a spectacle of himself in denouncing the railway strikers could have penned the cool, far-seeing message which accompanied the Case bill veto. Yet Mr. Truman rather ably reconciles his desire for emergency anti-strike powers with his opposition to permanent legislation designed solely to weaken labor. He points out that the temporary legislation which he requested would apply only to such industries as had been seized by the government, and not to strikes against private employers. His contention that the Case bill, far from reducing industrial strife, would provoke greater labor unrest is buttressed by a detailed and intelligent analysis of the measure. One wonders whether any of the 255 Representatives who voted to override the veto, or any of those who advocated attaching the Case bill to the President's emergency bill, actually read the veto message. For, as the message clearly points out, the bill would neither have delayed nor have prevented strikes; it would have provided no improvement in mediation procedure; it did not even attempt to deal with the fundamental causes of industrial disputes. Its sole function would have been to harass and anger organized labor, and thus to intensify the loss of production arising from labor unrest. There may be a few Congressmen, eager to smash the unions, who wish to see them goaded into any possible strike; but surely there are not so many of these "statesmen" as the vote for the Case bill would suggest.

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BY DRAPING DIRTY LINEN ALL OVER THE chaste marble front of the Supreme Court, Justice Robert R. Jackson has badly damaged the prestige and dignity of that institution. He excuses his action on the ground that "it is desirable to get the controversy all back of us so that he [Mr. Vinson, the new Chief Justice] can take up his task without the cloud hanging over the court." The explosion, however, has not dispelled that cloud, which looks more ominous than ever. Even Mr. Vinson's undoubted talents as a conciliator can hardly be equal to inducing the warring brethren to shake hands, now that their feud has been exposed in the headlines. Unless one or both of them resign, the court must remain a house divided by more than intellectual differences. Mr. Jackson has given three reasons for his unprecedented onslaught on a colleague and his revelation of the jealously guarded secrets of the court's conference chambers: (1) attacks made on him in the press; (2) reports that Black had protested proposals to make him (Jackson) Chief Justice; (3) his desire to call attention to attitudes which "would soon bring the court into disrepute." The first two reasons, which are

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personal, do not justify his outburst, however angry and disappointed he may be, but the third, since it involves a question of public interest, is more valid. Whether or not Mr. Black should have sat in the Jewell Ridge case is a matter for debate; good precedents can be quoted on both sides. But it is worth noting that his partnership with the successful litigants' attorney was dissolved in 1927, and surely the fact that his relations with this former partner remained cordial was not in itself, as Mr. Jackson implies, a disqualification. No one denies that judges with a personal interest in a case should disqualify themselves, but if personal interest is to be interpreted so broadly the current problem of securing a quorum of justices will be intensified.

*

THE PRIMARIES CONTINUE TO REVEAL almost anything that a partisan observer cares to read into them but no conclusive trend is yet observable. During the past week, for example, the reactionary press has devoted many gleeful columns to the rebuff dealt the progressive forces within the Republican Party by Senator Butler's triumph in Nebraska. Without doubt Butler's victory represented a setback to Stassen and a triumph for isolationism and reaction in the state which, during the life of Senator Norris, symbolized progressive politics. But the Nebraska results were largely offset by the outcome in the Idaho primaries, where the conservative Senator Gossett was decisively defeated for renomination on the Democratic ticket by George E. Donart, a liberal backed by Senator Taylor. It would be pleasant to say that Gossett's defeat shows that voters readily respond to vigorous, liberal leadership such as was provided by Senator Taylor—and perhaps it does. But what voters all over the country have shown, most of all, is a disquieting inclination to stay away from the polls in the largest possible numbers.

*

THE SOVIET LOVE FEAST WITH PERON HAS undoubtedly upset the State Department, but its spokesmen have wisely kept quiet. What, indeed, could they say? Having sponsored Argentina's entry into the United Nations against strong opposition from Russia, this country is in no position to insist that Russia and Argentina remain at arm's length. After taking a strong line against Russian exclusiveness in Eastern Europe, we cannot complain when the bear wanders into our backyard. But if the State Department must take refuge in silence, there is no need for American liberals, who have consistently fought against the Argentine Hitler, to lower their voices. Don't let us pretend that Moscow's blessing makes Perón any less of a fascist! And don't let us attempt to defend Soviet opportunism as being one whit better than American or British opportunism! In the game of power politics the Russian government has scored a point, but it has done so by a sacrifice of prin-

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ciple that must widen the gulf between it and those of us for whom fascism is not "a matter of taste." *The Nation* will continue its opposition to Perón, and it will urge the American government not to compete with Moscow for his favor. That would be not only an expensive and self-defeating policy but one which would forfeit for us the respect of all Latin America.

*

WHAT BEARING IF ANY HAS THE SOVIET-Argentine rapprochement on the Spanish question? Will it induce the United States and Britain to modify their present policy of combining verbal kicks for Franco with trade dollars? If so, we trust the change will be in the direction of increased toughness and not of increased appeasement. The latter course would only inflate Franco's nuisance value and, perhaps, induce him to try and imitate Perón's coup. However, at Hunter College, the British and American representatives still give the impression of stalling for time. Last week the Security Council continued consideration of the Spanish sub-committee's report but adjourned without reaching a decision. Meanwhile the sub-committee's resolution has been modified so that its recommendation to the General Assembly now proposes "that diplomatic relations with the Franco regime be terminated forthwith by each member of the United Nations *or alternatively such other action be taken as the General Assembly deems appropriate and effective under the circumstances prevailing at the time.*" The italicized portion was added at the instance of the United States whose representative announced his willingness to support the resolution in this "more flexible" (i. e., weakened) form. Mr. Gromyko, however, criticised the sub-committee's report and resolution severely for seeking to pass on to the Assembly a duty which the Security Council ought not to evade. This is a very legitimate criticism but it is to be hoped that the Russian representative will not press his objection to the point of exercising his veto; for by so doing he would play into the hands of those who want to smother the Spanish question.

*

NIGGLING OVER THE ELECTION RETURNS, Umberto contrived to inflict one last injury on the people of Italy before departing into exile. The preliminary report of the High Court showed a two million majority and, in the view of the Italian Government, automatically brought the Republic into being. Umberto, however, took the line that he remained King until the Court had examined a few delayed ballots and investigated complaints prior to issuing its final and formal statement on the results. It was perfectly plain that, while some irregularities might be discovered, the verdict of the Italian people had been unmistakably pronounced. Umberto could not save his throne by clinging to it for a few more days but he could, and did, increase the tension between the triumphant republicans and the disappointed monarchists. In poverty-stricken, illiterate Naples, famous for the inflammable spirit of its mob, serious rioting broke out and in Rome there were demonstrations for and against the Republic on a scale that betokened trouble unless some action was taken to establish the fact that the constitutional question was settled. The Italian cabinet, therefore, named Premier de Gasperi as chief of state pending the election of a provisional President by the Constituent Assembly. At this point Umberto decided that the game was up and departed for Portugal. But while appealing in a proclamation for unity, he at the same time incited further disorder by accusing the government of committing "a revolutionary gesture." Thus with petty malice the House of Savoy vanished from the Italian scene leaving the young republic to clean up the mass of rubble into which its grandiose empire had dissolved.

The Atom in a Divided World

THIS week the attention of the peoples of the world and their leaders is divided between two meetings, thirteen hours apart as the Constellation flies. The meeting in the Bronx is concerned with the control of the primeval energy in the universe which if released outside of any rule of law may blast man's civilization off the globe. The meeting in Paris appears to be concerned with building a limited security in a divided world—drawing frontiers, determining lines of sovereign influence, building stockades such as our forefathers built against the Indians and the Indians against our forefathers. The Bronx meeting expresses the hopes of the peoples of the world that ultimate destruction may be avoided. The Paris meeting reflects the neurotic fears of nations not yet recovered from the shock of war and conscious of the ominous shadow of doom that war's cessation failed to lift.

The United States plan for world control of atomic energy showed imagination and courage of a high degree. Based pretty solidly on the Lilienthal report, it revealed just how far American official thinking had advanced from the days when the army was busily proving that safety lay in hoarding the atomic "secret." Said Mr. Baruch, "The peoples of these democracies gathered here . . . are not afraid of an internationalism that protects; they are unwilling to be fobbed off by mouthings about sovereignty which is tomorrow's phrase for yesterday's isolation." The proposed scheme displayed a daring not evident in the Charter of the United Nations with its concessions to the imagined objections of Congress. Mr. Baruch, in asserting that the only security against atomic and bacteriological weapons was to be found in the

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elimination of war itself, insisted that to achieve that end much more was needed than treaties of renunciation. The United Nations Atomic Energy Authority had to be given full control over the sources of fissionable materials, over plants that produced them in dangerous quantities, over all research in the field of atomic explosives. The Authority had to be given full power of inspection and be charged with carrying out extensive geological surveys to locate new sources of thorium and uranium. Severe penalties must be provided against illegal possession or use of the atomic bomb and against any defiance of the Authority. The application of such penalties must be immediate and certain and must not encounter the risk of veto by any power. The plan unquestionably extends the authority of the United Nations beyond the provisions of the Charter and calls for a drastic revision in generally held conceptions of national sovereignty.

The objections to the Baruch proposals arise mostly out of the fears and suspicions of a divided world. The plan requires the United States to pass over the "know-how" of the bomb manufacture to the Authority, cease making any more bombs and dispose of those now in existence. But the time sequence is vague. Some interpret the text to mean that the United States will go right on making bombs and holding on to the secret until the full system of inspection, survey, and control is in operation. It would be a tragic error, and certainly call forth Russian opposition, if this narrow interpretation were given. Bomb manufacture should stop now and the know-how should be passed over to the Authority just as soon as possible after an agreement has been reached and the international body constituted. The United States has made an important contribution to international security in the Baruch report; its influence should not be marred now by niggardly hedging.

The question of the veto is bound to raise discussion. It is quite plain that an international control system of such vast authority requires the agreement of all the great powers if it is to succeed. But it is equally clear that no nation will feel secure unless it is assured of instantaneous action to punish an aggressor. As Mr. Baruch puts it, "The bomb does not wait upon debate. To delay may be to die." Let us not fool ourselves: we are dealing with an agent so potent of disaster that national sovereignty must give way before the imperative claims of world security.

Now this consideration brings us back to Paris, which in the present discussion may be considered a suburb of the Bronx. Much as we should like to see it otherwise, the Foreign Ministers gathered in conference show no likelihood of jumping out of the suspicions, fears, and ideological conflicts of a divided world into one world acknowledging the authority of a single government. The weakness of the American atomic plan, for which its authors can hardly be blamed, is that it tackles symptoms, not the world's illness. As Hansen Baldwin gently remarked last Sunday, "The issue has never been the atom versus man but man against himself."

While the world's illness has its roots in post-war shock, misery, starvation, and economic and political disintegration, its most acute manifestation is to be seen in the Russian–Western Powers conflict. This conflict cannot be evaded, nor will it easily be resolved. In last week's *Nation* Harold Laski directed a number of questions to the Kremlin which American liberals as well as British Socialists would like to have answered. On the other hand, lest we play into the hands of those deliberately seeking to widen the gulf between us and Russia, we must continually press on our government the necessity of enforcing the precept of international morality by its practice. In the words of the excellent statement recently issued by the Union for Democratic Action, "We must make it clear to Russia and the world, by opposing any American imperialist policies or those of other nations, that our opposition to Russian imperialism is because it is imperialism, not because it is Russian. Russia and the West must cooperate to give political stability and economic health to the continents which lie between them."

The basic issue before the Paris conference is not, therefore, how to devise bullet-proof stockades, which after all are pretty irrelevant in an atomic age. It is rather how to work out a means of life for the hundreds of millions faced by starvation and misery, haunted by fears and hatreds, and utterly lacking in economic and political security. The resuscitation of Europe must be the great task to which the powers bend their joint efforts. Only in such a context can such problems as Trieste, the Danube, the Dardanelles, and Germany itself hope to find a lasting solution.

The Paris conference will give some indication of the readiness of the great powers to take those steps challengingly set forth in the Baruch plan. It is clear that fear of atomic warfare itself is not sufficient to drive nations to seek the security proposed. What is needed is courage and mutual faith and a refusal to accept the two-worlds solution. If it has done nothing else, Mr. Baruch's eloquent appeal has brought us once more face to face with the fact that it is one world or none.

Final Showdown on OPA

IN THE final Senate vote on the OPA staunch advocates of price control like Senators Wagner and Mead joined forces with arch-inflationists like Thomas and Wherry in opposition to the bill. This symbolizes, perhaps as well as anything, the success of the Republicans in so riddling the bill with amendments that no one knew whether they were voting for or against inflation in upholding the bill. Certainly, support of the bill did not indicate support of the principle of price control, since the bill, as passed by the Senate, would so weaken

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the OPA, morally and legally, that application of its few remaining powers would be impossible.

Some supporters of the OPA still cling to the hope that the House-Senate conference committee will emerge with a bill that is better than either the House or the Senate version. This has happened to other bills in the past and could happen again if Representatives and Senators again began hearing from their constituents in large numbers. It would be most likely to happen if the letters from the constituents concentrated on those provisions in the Senate bill which are most devastating in their effect on the price-stabilization program. So as to cut through the fog of technicalities which the opponents of price control have created to cover their knavish activities, we will outline the provisions that deserve primary attention.

Fortunately, there was little agreement between the House and Senate opponents of the OPA. The worst features of the House bill were the provisions ending subsidies on January 1, 1947, and the provision requiring every manufacturer and distributor to be allowed "cost plus a reasonable profit" on every article. The Senate, on the other hand, would permit food subsidies until May 1, 1947, and would permit a somewhat larger amount to be appropriated for this purpose. The Senate provision on "reasonable profits" is considerably less sweeping than that imposed by the House and would not guarantee profits to every producer regardless of his efficiency.

The provision in the Senate bill which must be eliminated if there is to be any price control at all is, of course, that removing the ceilings on meat, poultry, and dairy products on June 30 of this year. If the prices of such vital items in the family budget are to be permitted to skyrocket—and skyrocket they certainly would—there will be an immediate clamor for higher wages and salaries, and it will become impossible to keep the lid on other prices. Moreover, the lifting of the ceilings on these products would wreck the government's efforts to feed the starving peoples abroad. Farmers would find it more profitable to use their grain for feed than to sell it at fixed prices.

Other highly objectionable features of the Senate bill include the so-called de-control provisions, which remove from the OPA and grant to the Secretary of Agriculture, in the case of farm products, and a three-man "de-control board" the authority to remove price ceilings at will. This division of authority obviously has as its sole purpose the weakening of the OPA's enforcement authority. Similarly, the provision requiring the OPA to obtain the consent of the United States District Attorney before prosecuting price-control violators can only have the purpose of encouraging violation.

Most of the other amendments adopted by the Senate would have the effect of raising living costs, notably those designed to guarantee pre-war profit margins, but if control can be maintained on essentials, particularly food, clothing, and rent, and prices are held down by an adequate subsidy program, there will be a fighting chance of preventing a disastrous post-war inflation such as the country suffered in 1919 and 1920. And it may be possible to head off a repetition of the wave of strikes that has paralyzed the country in the past six months. But if controls are lifted on meat and dairy products, if adequate subsidies are not maintained, or if the enforcement of price control is shackled by the amendments as proposed by the Senate, the President should veto the measure and demand that Congress enact a workable law.

Palestine and Bevin

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Cairo, June 15

I HAVE seen no report of the American reaction to the Palestine remarks made by Bevin at Bournemouth, but read here in the context of events in the Levant, in Egypt, and in Palestine itself, they seemed most ominous. For a Foreign Minister to say that "the agitation in the United States . . . for 100,000 Jews to be put into Palestine is because they do not want too many of them in New York" is to offer an unjust and untrue simplification of a complex problem; it is hard to believe that Bevin would have ventured it if he were not casting about for an alibi to cover his own failure to meet the issue. Also when he says, "If you have to raise the Arabs' life to the standard of the Jews, you cannot do it if you take away their land," he is distorting both the recommendations of the Inquiry Committee and the intentions of the Jews. But more significant and disturbing was Bevin's assertion that "if we put 100,000 Jews in Palestine tomorrow I would have to put another division of troops there," coupled with the demand for the Jews and Arabs to lay down their arms. Reading this, one realizes how little Bevin has learned from the inquiry, indeed from the long record of British colonial policy: he still believes that order is a prerequisite to policy, an idea easily converted into the theory that order is a substitute for policy. This mistake was responsible for the Black and Tan terror in Ireland, for the Amritsar massacre, and for a dozen other bloody events easy to recall. If persisted in, it will have the same ugly results in Palestine.

For almost five weeks I have been watching develop-

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ments and talking to informed people—Jews, Christians, Moslems—in Palestine, Lebanon, and Egypt, and I am sure that if real trouble starts it will not be because 100,000 Jews are brought to Palestine but because of the stalling and hedging of the British government, its painful reluctance to apply any clear-cut policy, and the behavior of many of its agents, military and civilian, who do everything but openly invite an Arab revolt. As days pass without a decision on Palestine, the Moslem world becomes more and more convinced that blackmail pays and that the Western powers can be frightened into sacrificing the Jews just as they have already abandoned the Christians in Lebanon. One country the Arabs are uneasy about is the United States. They believe that if 100,000 Jews come to Palestine it will be because Truman insists they come. They know that an uncompromising stand in Washington, backed by solid promises of material help, would go far to offset the Arab threats and the warnings of Bevin's advisers out here.

If our government takes such a stand, it will alter in a most salutary way the balance of forces in the eastern Mediterranean. But I wonder whether we can be counted on to do it. We are not accustomed to following an independent line, and we depend heavily on the British for the defense of our interests. Nor are we immune to Arab propaganda. Today at Payne Field, a huge airport outside of Cairo which our government has just sold to Egypt, I encountered several American oil men on their way home from Arabia. They agreed that Ibn Saud was an old fox and had scared Standard Oil to death by threatening to destroy installations in the oil fields and to end concessions if we did not quit supporting the Jews. "Would he do it?" I asked. They didn't know but thought he figured he wouldn't have to; he counted on threats to turn the trick. "He could wreck the whole works in three hours," one of them said. "But then of course he wouldn't get the money." Concessions are the lifeblood of Oriental absolutism, and Ibn Saud is perhaps more fox than fanatic.

I have been much disappointed by the recent words of another Britisher, R. H. S. Crossman, a good writer and a member of the Inquiry Committee who is supposed to have been working hard—with indifferent success, one must conclude—to convert Messrs. Attlee and Bevin to the report. In Palestine Crossman was generally regarded as the ablest member of the committee. This being the case, I wonder why he should have taken particular pains, in a talk the other day at the London School of Economics, to ridicule the American role in relation to Palestine. When he rejected the idea of British-American condominium—proposed by nobody so far as I know—by saying that "it is difficult enough to run the country under the Colonial Office, but it would be quite impossible under a Tammany regime," I could not help recalling somewhat cynically the massive rolls of barbed wire I saw festooning every British official building in Palestine, and the iron censorship, and the political prisoners, also behind barbed wire. Against this backdrop Tammany seemed by contrast quite like the benevolent society it was originally supposed to be. But what I found more gratuitous and politically rather questionable was Crossman's remark, greeted with "laughter," that "poor Truman was neatly caught when he demanded the entry of 100,000 and was asked by Bevin to send American commissioners," and his further ironic comment on the anxiety of Americans, including the American Jews, to deflect Jewish immigration toward Palestine.

I do not intend to dispute these points; I want only to suggest that Bevin's speech indicates the political use to which such remarks are bound to be put. Assuming that Crossman was honest in his desire to win Cabinet approval for the report, his chances were hardly improved by a deliberate attempt to discredit American influence. If Truman was tricked by Bevin, it would seem good strategy in a political fight to welcome the support of Washington rather than undermine it, especially since the most encouraging note in Bevin's discussion of Jewish immigration to Palestine was the suggestion that Britain and the United States should together consider implementation of the report.

But the Foreign Minister's statements at Bournemouth demand examination on their merits. Is it true that the arrival of 100,000 Jewish D. P.'s would necessitate another division of British troops? To a recent visitor in Palestine the assertion sounds like convention oratory. I do not know how many divisions are already there or, indeed, whether the entire British and American armies combined could prevent guerrilla attacks by armed and bitter citizens. The German army could not do it in France. But I know that Palestine is an occupied country from end to end. The Jews and Arabs alike live under military rule while civilian officials take shelter behind sandbags and armed guards. In Barclay's Bank in Jerusalem a Tommy armed with a machine-gun is prominently posted on the balcony overlooking the main room. Press censorship is complete. No explanation need be given for suspensions or prohibitions. The following item, printed while I was in Jerusalem, shows how it is done:

> *Haifa, Saturday.* The editor of the local afternoon paper, *Zohorayim,* was informed that "the High Commissioner in Council, being of the opinion that matter appearing in said paper is likely to endanger the public peace," has ordered its suspension for a fortnight.

Arrests are frequently made under similar emergency decrees.

Though I had read about the concentration of military and police forces in Palestine, I had no idea until I went there how overpowering it had become. Convoys of British tanks and trucks move along the roads holding

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up civilian traffic. The public barracks, located at strategic points only a few miles apart, are really forts, concrete structures formidable in size and solidity, and everywhere one sees contingents of the Transjordan Frontier Force, Arab troops originally recruited for the purpose the name implies, policing towns and highways; nothing could be better calculated to provoke Jewish resentment.

But if Bevin really needs that extra division, one might remind him that he is pledged to the withdrawal of the whole naval and military establishment now stationed here in Egypt. The size of these forces is not public property, but the British-owned *Egyptian Gazette* today gives 50,000 as "near the mark"—surely a conservative figure. When negotiations with Egypt are happily ended, Bevin will have two or three extra divisions to send to Palestine, which Britain obviously intends to make its chief stronghold in the Middle East. In the light of these facts I think we need not take too seriously Bevin's military worries.

The real question is the one asked at the beginning: can the British government achieve order in Palestine by continuing to pile up force, while encouraging the Arabs to resist even the recommendations of its own Committee of Inquiry? If a peaceful Palestine is what Bevin wants, it is hard to explain the behavior, for example, of Glubb Pasha—a man who seems to have been clipped, name and all, right out of Kipling. Glubb Pasha is the British brigadier commanding the Arab Legion in Transjordan and is besides Deputy Inspector General of Police for Palestine. In a recent interview Glubb announced flatly that if the committee report is implemented, "British will be at war with the Arab League." "I doubt," said the Pasha, "whether the British forces available are adequate to enforce the committee's recommendations. . . . Palestine would become the scene of murder, sabotage, severed communications, and convoy attacks. In Arab countries outside of Palestine disturbances would take the form of pogroms, attacks on British subjects and premises, and sabotage of Anglo-American oil concerns." Glubb Pasha concluded by calling for twelve to fifteen divisions to handle the situation.

This sort of "warning" is, of course, an open invitation to Arab extremists to launch a holy war. As the Palestine *Post* put it, his statement was "an incitement to mass pillage and murder . . . and to war against his own country."

Glubb's is only a flamboyant example of a point of view which largely dominates the British ruling group in Palestine. Little as Arab leaders like British control, it is none the less heavily weighted on their side. Today this is more than ever true, since the bitter events in Europe and the restrictions of the White Paper have combined to drive the Jews to acts of resistance which are entirely alien to their tradition. Terrorism is still regarded with profound disapproval by official Jewish opinion, but the effort to build and equip a strong de-

fense force and to smuggle refugees through the immigration barriers is universally applauded. A Zionist would no more oppose illegal immigration or Haganah than a patriotic Frenchman would have opposed the F. F. I. during the Nazi occupation. Terrorist acts will increase as long as the present state of suspense continues. And the tactics used by jittery police officials and the military have the effect of creating sympathy for the terrorists—still only a handful—and weakening the authority of responsible leaders.

I could multiply the instances of bias against Jews displayed by British officials. One which came to a climax while I was in Jerusalem will serve as an illustration. On May 1 a government communiqué reported that a kitbag packed with explosives had been found over the magazine of H. M. S. Chevron in Haifa harbor, with detonators fitted, and that "thirteen Palestinian naval ratings" had been arrested, explosives being found on several of them. The story was dressed up with colorful details: one of the arrested men was described as "a well-known terrorist" and the ship as having been engaged in intercepting illegal immigrants. In London the *Daily Telegraph* headed the story "Attempt to Blow up Destroyer" and converted the thirteen Palestinians into thirteen Jewish ratings. It appeared on the day the inquiry recommendations were published. By the time I reached Palestine the accused had faced court-martial and one Jewish sailor had been found guilty of illegal possession of explosives. What was interesting was the collapse of the story put out by the Palestine Information Office. The detonators were not fitted; the position of the kitbag was found to have been accidental; the "Palestinian ratings" were Cypriot, Arab, Armenian, and Jewish; the "several" with explosives became one; no attempt to blow up the warship was found. The offender is in prison. But the P. I. O. official who doctored the story is presumably still carrying on as usual. Such tactics, applied day after day and in every relationship, insure the continuance of tension and bitterness in Palestine and make nonsense of Bevin's demand that the Jews and Arabs disarm.

[*In her next article, based on interviews with Arab and Jewish leaders in Palestine, Miss Kirchwey will deal with the possibility of Arab revolt and the views of Arab leaders, particularly their attitude toward the United States.*]

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A. V. C. Sets the Pace

BY JOHN S. ATLEE

Delegate to the Des Moines Convention from the A. V. C. Press and Radio Chapter of New York

WHEN a veterans' organization goes on record against a bonus, that's news. At their first annual convention in Des Moines last weekend the American Veterans' Committee did just that by voting 15,000 to 7,000 against a bonus proposal.

But opposition to the bonus was not the only original feature of the convention. During the whole three days there was no drunkenness, no horseplay or rowdyism, no parades, no banners or pennants. Cafe and restaurant owners were disappointed in their expectations for a boom trade. The chief of police went on record, "We think they are a swell bunch of guys. Not a single arrest, not a single charge on the blotter." Old-time newspapermen commented on the contrast with veterans' conventions after the last war. The reason was a simple one: these new veterans simply didn't have time for frivolity. Caucuses were in session night and day.

The A. V. C.'s motto is "citizens first, veterans second." They believe that the welfare of the veteran is inseparable from that of the community, the nation—and the world. Therefore they believe they must continue to fight for the principles they fought for in the war. Their seven-page platform reads more like a farsighted program of social reform than a platform. They want the 75-cent minimum wage, veterans' housing, price control, and anti-discrimination laws, as do all other liberal organizations, but they go farther than most others in demanding world government, creation of an international military force, recognition of the Spanish government in exile, a guaranteed annual wage, elimination of segregation in schools, a national science foundation, Congressional and tax reform, TVA-type authorities for the Missouri and Columbia Valleys, and many other long-range policies.

Moreover, the A. V. C. backs up its platform with action. Secretary Wallace told the convention that the A. V. C. was "the only veterans' organization that stood up and was counted in Washington on the full-employment bill." The A. V. C. was the first veterans' organization to lobby for the veterans' housing bill and contributed materially to its passage. A Providence chapter was instrumental in passing a Rhode Island FEPC bill. Although A. V. C. chapters are forbidden to back individual political candidates, they have publicized election issues, and A. V. C. members have set up independent political-action committees to support candidates.

In the course of the convention they were given an opportunity to demonstrate that they meant what they said. Only a few hours after they had passed their anti-discrimination plank, a local restaurant refused to serve one of the Negro delegates. As soon as the convention heard of the incident, it set up a committee to investigate, and about fifty delegates, led by Oren Root, Jr., a New York Republican lawyer and former chairman of the Willkie clubs, picketed the place, chanting "Jim Crow must go." The police captain was summoned, and the proprietor of the cafe was arrested for violating the state anti-discrimination law. The whole demonstration was extremely well conducted and lasted only about half an hour. Then several hundred dollars were collected for placing an announcement in the local papers thanking the city authorities for their cooperation and reminding them that the A. V. C. practiced what it preached.

An interesting feature of this incident was the contrast between the prejudice of the proprietor, himself a veteran from the South Pacific, and the response of six local veterans, who were so impressed by the demonstration that they applied for membership in the A. V. C.

The delegates' main interest was the political battle which developed out of the factional split that occurred in the New York area a few months before. This split had begun as a personal quarrel between Frederick Borden, a publicity man for the National Citizens' Political Action Committee, whose wife was a member of the A. V. C. National Planning Committee, and Gilbert Harrison, founder of the A. V. C. In letters and speeches to other chapters Borden charged Harrison—and the planning committee as a whole—with inefficient administration and ineffective action. The dispute was handled undiplomatically by both sides, and the schism grew. The entire planning committee with the exception of Mrs. Borden backed Harrison. Left-wing elements of the A. V. C. gathered around Borden, demanding a more militant policy even if it meant smaller membership. The issue took on a distinct ideological hue.

At the Des Moines convention A. V. C. members were forced to take sides, and block voting became common. Both Harrison and Borden ran for vice-chairman, as did Robert White, of Washington, D. C. In the A. V. C. as a whole there was a strong sentiment for unity, and leaflets were distributed urging both candidates to withdraw. When Borden finally saw that he was not going to get a majority, he withdrew in favor of Norris Helford of California, but by that time the split had gone too far to be patched up without a showdown. In a heated session Sunday afternoon Harrison was elected vice-chairman by 19,032 votes to 16,559, registering a clear victory for the liberal wing of the N. P. C. faction.

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Charles Bolté was elected chairman by acclamation—except for one diehard dissenter. Many of the original planning committee members were also reelected. The newly adopted constitution, however, provided for wide geographical dispersion of N. P. C. members, and it is expected that the new group will be able to heal the breach before the next convention.

As elected at Des Moines, the N. P. C. contains a number of exceptionally able men who are likely to become prominent in national politics in the not too distant future. They include Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Robert Nathan, Michael Straight, Oren Root, Jr., E. S. Kahn, Jr., and Cord Meyer. Fred Borden and five other left-wingers were also elected.

The A. V. C., now 60,000 strong, aims with confidence at a membership of more than a million by this time next year. But whether or not it achieves that goal, it has acquired new strength and unity from this convention. It is a vigorous liberal-progressive organization and a force to be reckoned with on the national scene.

Congress Clears the Calendar

BY TRIS COFFIN

Commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting Company

Washington, June 13

WASHINGTON is drooping in the summer heat. The flags on the Capitol hang limply on their standards. But inside, in the big, barn-like House of Representatives and the smaller Senate, Congress is stamping out bills like a Ford production line.

Both houses are being whipped and pushed into clearing the calendar so that Congress can adjourn the second week in July. Bills are being thrown together from odd bits of committee reports, prejudices, local interests, and lobby pressures, under the prodding of party discipline and downtown Washington. Jalopy legislation is pushed off the line for atomic-energy control, economic stabilization, foreign policy, labor, the draft, government reorganization, and appropriations. For better or worse, the final products will be official American policy.

The fate of atomic-energy legislation was decided finally by two men, Robert Patterson, the sober Secretary of War, and Bernard Baruch.

The House Military Affairs Committee indignantly but dutifully reopened its hearings on atomic policy. Months ago, under heavy pressure from the War Department, the House committee approved the notorious May-Johnson bill for military control of atomic power. Subsequently the slow, deliberate hearings of the Senate Atomic Energy Committee, the campaign of education by atomic scientists, and public opinion forced a change in the Administration position. Senator McMahon's bill for civilian control was approved, reluctantly, even by General Groves, the pudgy boss of the Manhattan Project, and was passed unanimously by the Senate. Chairman May of the House committee swore that the army had put him on the hook, and, by gosh, the army would have to take him off. Secretary Patterson was called to testify.

The morning he appeared an anxious group filled the committee room—staff members of the Senate committee, representatives of the Committee for Atomic Information. Chairman May said to Patterson, "We are here to get some advice from you on the Senate bill." Representative Clason (Rep., Mass.) said irritably, "What's the matter with our own bill?"

Secretary Patterson read solemnly from his prepared statement, "The War Department favors the passage of Senate bill 1717 [the McMahon bill]." He told the unhappy Representatives that he was not backing down from his original indorsement of the May-Johnson bill, but—in soothing tones—the Senate had had more time to make improvements.

A few days later Baruch stooped to enter the doorway of a closed session of the Senate committee. He spoke cheerfully to a reporter: "My boy, it's a tough one. They want to have their internal security and their international arrangements both." At the close of the hearing Chairman McMahon said with studied vagueness that the Senators generally approved the Baruch program for international control as a "starting-point." Baruch's testimony would not necessitate any changes in the bill.

Democratic leader Alben Barkley, the iron man of the Senate, drove his colleagues on to passage of a so-called "price-control" bill. The Administration apparently abandoned any hope of getting a good bill from the Senate floor. Amendments added to the bill on the floor gave the already patched committee bill the look of a wounded gargoyle.

The farm-pressure groups led the battle to kill price control. Southern Democrats from the cotton states joined with all but four of the Republicans in the first test vote—the Taft amendment. The vote was forty-four to twenty-nine for the amendment. From then on it was a merry race to see who could stab the deepest. Senator Wagner, presenting a minority report against the committee bill, said sadly, "From the viewpoint of effective stabilization, adoption of this bill would be little different from immediate expiration of the existing laws."

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Other Senators—McMahon, Barkley, Downey—gloomily forecast a sharp rise in prices and a collapse of our food-exporting program. Downey, shaking with anger, shouted, "What will happen if we add 25 per cent to the food bill of the man supporting himself and his family on less than $200 a month?" Senator Hawkes (Rep., N. J.) a former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, said benignly, "The American people should understand that we cannot get back to where we started without placing on them some hardships and restrictions which they must endure during the transition period." Senator Barkley commented, "The cost will fall on different people, some of them in the poor classes."

The price-control advocates watched the scene in the Senate resignedly, and prayed that a House-Senate conference committee could salvage something from the wreckage. President Truman was advised to veto the bill on the ground that price control had already been vetoed by amendment, and then ask Congress to pass a short-term extension of existing OPA laws by joint resolution.

Despite a terrific campaign by Representative Charles Halleck, the Republican strategist, and a coalition of conservative Senators from both sides of the aisle who were working in the House cloakrooms, the President's veto of the Case labor bill was sustained by the margin of five votes. When the President's message was read, a sprinkle of applause came up from the House. It came from the same Congressmen who listened so glumly when Mr. Truman demanded his labor-draft bill at the joint session. During the voting the outcome was never sure until the clerk announced the final tally. Fourteen Republicans joined 121 Democrats in voting to sustain the veto.

The diehards who favor some crack-down labor legislation this session will try to tie on the Case bill as a rider to an appropriation bill. But Congress is in too much of a rush to leave Washington to get involved in any more feuds.

In committee rooms Representatives and Senators labored over compromises on appropriations and the draft. The House Banking and Currency Committee, under patient, skilful guidance from Assistant Secretary of State Will Clayton, approved the British loan and paved the way for its final passage in the House without amendment.

Through all the impatience and hurry on Capitol Hill the political pattern showed the effect of the elections in California, Nebraska, Idaho, and Alabama and of the sudden eruption of the bitter personal feud between two justices of the Supreme Court. But Congress wanted only to vote and go home.

The Lesson of California

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Author of "Southern California Country: An Island on the Land"

Los Angeles, June 12

DESPITE the resounding victory of Earl Warren in the California primaries on June 4, most of the progressive members of the Congressional delegation came through unscathed. George Outland, Franck Havenner, George Miller, Helen Gahagan Douglas, Ed Izac, Ned Healy, Clyde Doyle, and Jerry Voorhis not only won renomination but showed impressive strength. Chet Holifield and Cecil King, both liberal Democrats, were reelected at the primaries, as was Gordon McDonough, a mildly liberal Republican. While Representative Hinshaw won the Republican nomination, he faces tough opposition in Everett Burkhalter, who was nominated by the Democrats. In the open Sixteenth Congressional District the failure of the liberal candidate, Emmett Lavery, to win the Democratic nomination represents a definite setback. In the San Joaquin Valley Alfred Elliott, arch-reactionary, was given a surprisingly close race by John Terry, and in the Fresno district Dr. Hubert Phillips, who won the Democratic nomination, has a good chance to defeat Representative Bud Gearhart in November. John F. Shelley and Edmund G. Brown, both liberals, were nominated by the Democrats for the offices of Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General and should win in November. The results, therefore, were not necessarily discouraging, though the situation that brought about the defeat of Robert W. Kenny provides an ominous preview of what may happen in 1948 unless the liberal forces throughout the country profit by the costly mistakes made in California.

By the spring of 1945 it was generally apparent in California that Bob Kenny was the only candidate who had a chance to defeat Governor Warren. With a neat surplus inherited from Governor Olson, Warren had coasted through the war years without serious mishap. Any indictment of his administration to be drawn up must refer to his omissions rather than to his actions; the chief count against him was his adroit sabotage of progressive legislation in Sacramento. He had made few political mistakes and had even indulged in a number

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of liberal gestures, such as his advocacy, feeble though it was, of a compulsory health-insurance program.

During 1945 the pressure on Kenny to make the race increased in intensity and volume until, at the eleventh hour, he agreed to run. But now a situation had developed which caused his defeat. Before Kenny's announcement there were two contenders for the nomination for United States Senator—Colonel Evans F. Carlson, who had the support of left and liberal groups, and Representative Ellis E. Patterson, who referred to the Carlson group as "ultra-leftists" and was resolved that, come hell or high water, he would remain in the race. About the time Kenny decided to run, Colonel Carlson suffered a severe heart attack and was compelled to withdraw. Kenny, who had not looked on the Patterson candidacy with particular enthusiasm, made it a condition of his agreeing to run for governor that some other contestant for the Senate seat would have to be found. Hence, on the eve of the deadline for filing nominating petitions, Will Rogers, Jr., was induced to file. In the meantime, however, the left-wing groups which had been for Carlson had swung in behind Patterson. A general agreement was then reached by all elements supporting Kenny that both Rogers and Patterson would be "recommended" and the decision between them left to the Democratic voters in the primary.

In accordance with the agreement the state C. I. O. recommended both Rogers and Patterson to its local unions, but within a few days most of the C. I. O. local councils and some of the Democratic county central committees, particularly in the southern part of the state, began to indorse Patterson. Before many weeks passed the Patterson-Rogers fight became the major interest of the campaign, and the organized groups in the state were focusing their attention on it to the neglect of Kenny.

Patterson and Rogers being both liberals with good voting records, the struggle between them developed into a struggle for control of the liberal movement in California. This started out as a polite intramural contest but was transformed into a bitter feud by mounting dissatisfaction with the Truman Administration. A clear majority of Democrats realized the necessity for minimizing talk of a third party and "independent action" when the immediate task was to elect a slate of liberal candidates who happened to be running as Democrats. But the left wing seized upon the Patterson-Rogers fight as a means of pointing up the need for independent action and of sharpening the third-party question. In consequence, "Democrat" suddenly became a term of opprobrium.

In Los Angeles County, where the bulk of the Kenny strength was concentrated, all semblance of unified support for the state ticket was destroyed. Left-wing elements set up "coordinating councils" to support Kenny and Patterson with most of the emphasis placed on

Will Rogers, Jr.

Patterson, insisted that precinct workers carry Patterson campaign material, and, wittingly or unwittingly, rebuffed many middle-of-the-road Democrats who still thought of the Democratic Party as the party of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Liberals who supported Will Rogers, Jr., for reasons which they regarded as entirely adequate, were suddenly pilloried as "reactionaries," although most of these same liberals had been enthusiastic supporters of Colonel Carlson. On the other hand, the right wing of the Rogers supporters made matters worse by launching an ill-advised personal attack on Mr. Patterson. At the center of the campaign, where the major strength should have been concentrated, a vacuum was created, and Mr. Warren proceeded, almost without a campaign, to fill it.

What the California primaries reflect, therefore, is a breaking-up of the broad coalition of forces that had won impressive victories for Roosevelt. The process started in California when the A. F. of L. indorsed Governor Warren. Then the Patterson-Rogers feud was permitted to drive a wedge between the organized left-wing forces, which have always been the leaven in Democratic politics in California, and the middle-of-the-roaders who form the majority of Democrats. The strictly left-wing vote in California has never exceeded 300,000 and therefore cannot win an election. It was this vote, and only this vote, that Mr. Patterson received. It was a foregone conclusion that a split between the left wing and the mass of the Democratic voters would defeat Bob Kenny—this certainty had emerged clearly from every pre-election poll taken in California.

While it is conceivable that Kenny would not have been able to defeat Warren had he been nominated, he could certainly have easily won the nomination. A Rogers-Kenny ticket would have permitted both candidates to draw support from the middle and the right. Only in the last weeks of the campaign did the left realize the seriousness of the situation, and by that time the damage was irreparable. The rift which had been created was then of such proportions that Kenny could not conduct the kind of campaign his every instinct must have told him was necessary. Compelled to hold the support of the left, he went down fighting, but

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the sacrifice might have been avoided. Rogers, on the other hand, was able to conduct a "left-of-center" campaign in the Roosevelt manner and not only won easily but managed to cut heavily into the Republican vote. The question of whether Rogers can defeat Senator William Knowland in November, however, now largely depends on whether the break with the left can be mended.

The California primaries clearly indicate what will happen nationally if the third-party question is raised without full consideration of the risks involved. The A. F. of L. will support the Republican nominee, as it did in California; the middle-of-the-road Democrats will shy away from the left-wing third-party element; and the Republicans will win. What happened in California was that a sound theory of independent political action was superimposed upon a situation which it did not fit. The Democratic Party in the state has never been anything but a broad coalition of independent groups. With the exception of the Malone machine in San Francisco there is no Democratic political machine in the state. The Democratic County Central Committee in Los Angeles has for the last six years been controlled by rank-and-filers. The liberal-labor forces of the state could easily dominate the party in California; hence there was no occasion to bring up the big guns against the Democratic Party as such. That the same forces might dominate the Democratic Party nationally is certainly not precluded by the circumstance that Mr. Truman is President. As Max Lerner pointed out recently, a number of men who have succeeded to the Presidency have failed to be nominated by their own party. Far from being an exception, repudiation would seem to be the rule.

The emphasis on independent action which developed in California was particularly dangerous because of the cross-filing system in use there, and the effects of this system, in turn, were reinforced by the large number of newcomers, the recent migrants, in the state. The election law of 1945 required that the names of incumbent office-holders be placed first on the ballots. Thus on the ballot handed to Democratic voters in the June 4 primary the first name was "Earl Warren, Governor of California." Thousands of new voters unquestionably marked their ballots for Mr. Warren under the impression that he was an incumbent Democratic governor. The emphasis which the left placed on "independent action" made it extremely difficult to stress the Democratic Party in a way to overcome this confusion. To make matters worse, the liberal Democratic Congressmen all cross-filed and, like Mr. Warren, masqueraded as "nonpartisans" in an effort to be reelected at the primaries. Thus almost none of these candidates campaigned for the ticket or so much as mentioned Robert Kenny's name.

The California elections also reveal the left's definite lack of understanding of the old-fashioned theory of politics as "the art of the possible." For example, the incumbent state senator from Los Angeles County, the incredible Jack Tenney, sedulous imitator of Martin Dies, was reelected at the primaries, though he could very easily have been defeated. Unfortunately the left did not deliberately try to find the type of candidate who could be elected. This humble, mundane task was ignored while everyone, particularly the Hollywood politicians, merrily damned Senator Tenny. When the time for filing nominating petitions expired, only one candidate of consequence had filed—a fine man and a good liberal, but not a person who could be expected to defeat Senator Tenney.

Liberals everywhere would do well to ponder carefully the results of the California election. They show that while the people have not turned against progressive political leadership, they are not prepared to join a left-directed political movement. The Roosevelt coalition may be falling apart, but a broad coalition is still called for by the strategy of the situation. The question in California, as throughout the country, is whether the liberals will recognize this fact before they become committed to a final break with that peculiar coalition mechanism we call the Democratic Party. The man who can still prevent this breach from becoming irreparable in California is Bob Kenny, even though the situation with which he had to contend in this election made it impossible for him to win. For the money of most liberals in California, he is still top man. Despite his defeat, the soundness and wisdom of his leadership have been demonstrated.

Poor but Honest

According to James A. Farley, former Democratic national chairman, politicians are mostly honest men.—News item.

An honest chap, the politician,
We have it on his own admission,
The vigilant and selfless nurse
Of public weal and public purse.

He will not straddle, will not hedge,
He'd die before he'd break a pledge.
With billions nowadays expendable,
We trust him, knowing he's dependable

High-principled in word and deed,
He is the kind of man we need,
The kind, we also have detected,
Who runs, but doesn't get elected.

RICHARD ARMOUR

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Who's Who in the French Press

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, June 14

A TRAVELER returning to France on his first visit since pre-war days is apt to be confused by a press utterly different from the one he knew before. How the old newspapers, from *Le Petit Parisien* to *Le Temps,* were confiscated at the moment of liberation and their luxurious offices turned over to the labor press and to papers started by the Resistance—all this is a familiar story. Yet one did not expect to find so many new papers; while London has at most a dozen morning and evening papers, Paris already boasts thirty-four. As for weekly and monthly reviews, no other country has so many. Despite the shortage of newsprint, there is even a fashion magazine, *Plaire,* whose current de luxe issue is twice the size of *Fortune* and costs 350 francs ($3)—making it prohibitive for any save foreign visitors and wives of black-marketeers.

To attempt a Who's Who of the French press is an arduous task, but the result might be useful to Americans who follow French affairs or contemplate a trip to the Continent.

Let us begin with the political dailies. Heading the list are those of the five major parties which fought it out in the recent elections. *L'Humanité,* the central organ of the Communist Party, has a circulation of half a million. A very militant paper, it is typical of the Communist press, but at the same time far more lively and varied than the party's publications in other countries. In France the left-wing press combines vigor with style—the most revolutionary Frenchman has something of the classicist in him. Among *L'Humanité's* writers are Marcel Cachin, a veteran journalist who at seventy-six can still turn out a daily editorial when the occasion requires; Georges Cogniot; and Pierre Hervé, a brilliant young polemicist who delights in crossing swords with *Figaro's* Catholic columnist, François Mauriac. The largest evening paper, also Communist, is *Ce Soir;* its editor, the poet Louis Aragon, takes a less active part in the publication than before the war but continues to give it inspiration.

In second place, with a circulation of about 300,000, is the Socialist paper *Le Populaire.* Though Léon Blum no longer writes every day, his articles are still its main attraction. He is spelled by Daniel Mayer, general secretary of the party, and by the editor-in-chief, Oreste Rosenfeld. Mayer had his inning in May when for several days his provocative attacks on the Communists earned him the title of the most quoted columnist in Paris. After writing one philippic after another he reached the conclusion that, given the present political situation in France, collaboration in the government between the two Marxist parties was indispensable.

Until now the M. R. P. paper, *L'Aube,* has lagged behind the other two; but as a result of the June 2 elections it will probably find a growing audience among the clerical bourgeoisie and the Catholic trade unionists. Chief editorial writer of *L'Aube* is Maurice Schumann, who while chairman of the M. R. P. parliamentary group is much more a journalist than a party man. On social questions Schumann is certainly far in advance of the majority of his party; he belongs to the progressive wing which favors nationalization and takes a traditional position only in the fight against secular education. Of Jewish origin, Schumann is a convert to Catholicism; one suspects that the church will utilize his undeniable talents as journalist and publicist for as long as it is expedient and then discard him once his usefulness has been exhausted. He is extremely independent and does not hesitate to risk his reputation by lunching with some of the best-known extreme left-wing writers in a Paris restaurant frequented by newspapermen and members of Parliament.

The Radical Socialists have two organs, *L'Aurore* and *La Dépêche de Paris,* with a combined circulation of between 100,000 and 150,000. Their readers are found in the liberal bourgeoisie and in certain sections of the peasantry where father and son have always voted Radical. (In this connection, however, it is interesting to note that part of the Communist gains in the last election were made in the rural districts.) Heading the editorial staff are Edouard Herriot and Paul Bastid. But the Radical press reflects the same weaknesses as the party; some of its most intelligent spokesmen—like Pierre Cot and Albert Bayet—have gone over to the left.

The fifth party, the P. R. L., which entered the election campaign in the hope of effecting a comeback for reaction, has no official organ properly speaking, though it has an unofficial one in *L'Epoque.* This paper draws its audience, numbering somewhere between 100,000 and 200,000, from the high bourgeoisie, the aristocracy, and the survivors of Vichy. It defends authoritarianism and traditional capitalism, and injects certain monarchist nuances into its pages.

The non-party press in France has a clearly defined political orientation. Foremost in this group is *Franc-Tireur.* Started by Communists and Socialists and commonly regarded as a "fellow-traveler," it still shows enough independence of spirit to depart from the or-

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thodox line of the Marxist parties. *Franc-Tireur* is above all a very French paper—full of wit and sparkle and originality. On the day after the elections it came out with a challenging editorial: "Messieurs, M. R. P., Tirez les Premiers!"—"Messieurs, M. R. P., the opening move is up to you." That title hit the nail on the head, underlining the contradictions which now confront the M. R. P. For though the M. R. P. is a clerical party, in order to win the wide support it received at the polls it had to accept, however reluctantly, the policy of nationalization of the banks and electricity. As the editorial commented, "Clearly, the M. R. P. will have to add a little wine to its holy water if it hopes to resuscitate tripartism." *Franc-Tireur* has gathered together an outstanding group of newspapermen, among them Georges Altmann, Marcel Fourrier, and Charles Ronsac; moreover, its cartoons are superb. All of this explains why, without being a party organ or even a journal of broad news coverage, it has from 300,000 to 400,000 readers.

Stamped as a counter-revolutionary publication by the left, *Combat* none the less pretends to be a leftist paper standing for "idealistic socialism." Actually, it reflects the opinions of a group who started out on the left, little by little became irritated by the writings and actions of the Communists, found the Socialists too weak and undecided, and, because they themselves had no clear conception of what they wanted in politics, began to criticize everything and inevitably wound up by siding with the right. Its appeal is mainly to middle-class intellectuals. Some of the best newspapermen in Paris are to be found on the staff of *Combat*: Albert Ollivier, Pascal Pyat, Raymond Aron, Carus. (Albert Camus no longer writes for it.) Although some suspect *Combat* of being Trotskyist, the Trotskyists, who have a weekly of their own, *Le Libertaire*, reject any relationship with it on the ground that it is reactionary.

Aside from *L'Humanité* and *Le Populaire*, only two of the old Paris papers have survived—*Le Figaro* and *L'Ordre*. The former, with a circulation of 500,000, is the favorite paper of the Frenchman who believes himself to be an enlightened liberal because he has never vacillated in his loyalty to the Republic. It is "Gaullist" and hopes that the French will rally again to the great general. Its leading editors are Pierre Brisson and François Mauriac, transformed by the war and the Resistance from a novelist into a fighting political writer. *L'Ordre* has the most modest sale of all the Paris papers—some 30,000 copies; it is edited by Emile Buré, who day by day becomes more anti-Communist.

When I was a schoolboy, the respectable *Temps* was read in Spain by the "best people," those who knew French and hoped to become Cabinet ministers. Its successor, *Le Monde*, is read by Frenchmen interested in foreign affairs and by gentlemen who wear gloves and ride in the first-class carriages on the subway. *Le Monde* devotes a great deal more space to foreign news than do the other papers, mainly because it has a larger allocation of newsprint. Its chief editorial writers are Rémy Roure, who signs his pieces on domestic policy, and René Lauret, whose articles on foreign policy are unsigned. Lauret was the Berlin correspondent for the *Temps* and is considered an expert on Germany. *Le Monde* has about 200,000 readers, a large audience for a paper of that kind.

The next group is the general-information press. The best of these publications is *Libération*, edited by Léon Rollin, an able newspaperman whose admirable record in the Resistance and consistently progressive position give it a leftist slant. *Le Parisien Libéré* continues the popular tradition of *Le Petit Parisien* of pre-war days.

The evening papers are, if anything, more numerous than the morning papers. The late sports editions assure these journals a large clientèle, for the Frenchman, like all those who have emerged from a difficult period, is looking for entertainment or even a tip on the horses that may net him a few thousand extra francs with which to buy essential articles on the black market. Next to *Ce Soir*, the most popular evening paper is *Paris-Press*, which evokes memories of the old *Paris-Soir*. Two of its contributors, Philippe Barrès and Eve Curie, are well known in the United States. When foreign policy comes to the fore, as it did during the Foreign Ministers' conference in Paris, many read the articles of Pertinax in *France-Soir*.

Turning to the weeklies, we find an equally prolific output. The Communists publish three: *Action*, political; *La Marseillaise*, political and literary; *Les Lettres Françaises*, devoted to literature and the arts. The Socialists have *Gavroche*, political and literary. The M. R. P. review is *Carrefour*, political and literary; two others, *Temps Présent* and *Témoignage Chrétien*, a left Catholic magazine, may be indirectly classed as M. R. P. organs. *Paroles Françaises*, the P. R. L. weekly, is predominantly political. *La Bataille* represents the Gaullists. There are several liberal, or bourgeois-democratic, weeklies: *Juin, Concorde, Siècle, Monde, Diogène;* they are neither as controversial nor as interesting as the others. Then follows a whole assortment of news weeklies whose main goal seems to be to build up circulation: *Cavalcade, Spectator*, and the "American-style" *Quatre et Trois* and *Samedi Soir*. As for the satirical weeklies, by far the best of them is the delightful *Canard Enchaîné*, which came through the war unscathed. It will soon have a rival in *La Rue*, an extreme left-wing publication which I have just seen in dummy.

The fact that there are thirty-four morning and evening papers, restricted only by the shortage of newsprint, was the powerful argument advanced by Albert Bayet, president of the National Press Federation of

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France, when I spoke with him about the freedom-of-the-press issue over which his old political chief, Herriot, had shed so many tears. "It is ridiculous," Bayet said, "for some people in the United States to mourn the disappearance of the old French press, one of whose principal characteristics was a violent anti-American attitude. With financial support from the Germans, it launched the most vicious attacks against Roosevelt, attacks which ought to have aroused the indignation of even those Americans who did not agree with the policies of their great President. Today this same corrupt press is making a terrific effort to revive. Our federation, to which all the newspapermen of France belong, will, with few—very few—exceptions, resist any attempt to resuscitate a press which brought only dishonor to our country."

Yugoslavia Revisited

BY HAL LEHRMAN

One of The Nation's *correspondents in the Mediterranean area*

II

Sofia, June 1

YUGOSLAVIA is at the moment in a quasi-N. E. P. stage. Although commissions to devise a national economic plan are burgeoning, the plan itself is still little more than a gleam in the eyes of Soviet-inspired brain-trusters. A system of regional production quotas is operating with some good results, but this was largely inherited from the occupation. It is generally believed that an economic Five-Year Plan cannot materialize much before 1948, but the Partisans have already a very definite political plan—to make Yugoslavia a one-party state.

While Groll's opposition Democrats, who boycotted the elections and are now practically invisible, are a legally recognized party, Yugoslavia is the only country in Eastern Europe, or for all I know in the world, where the Communist Party is still illegal. This is due to the renowned Communist weakness for secrecy. Yugoslav parties were required to file their by-laws with the Ministry of the Interior. The Democrats complied, and the Communists refused. Indeed, the only public admission of the Communists' existence is their official newspaper, *Borba (Struggle)*, which confesses it in the masthead. Not even the number or identity of Communist deputies is formally known; they all registered themselves in the parliamentary lists after election as "People's Front" or "Independent."

Notwithstanding this mummery, the Communists are in full control of the country, and other parties which once had meaning in the front have become ciphers. The Finance Ministers of all six republics and of the federal government are Communists. So are the Premiers and the Ministers of the Interior. In the federal Cabinet Communists also hold the key portfolios of National Defense, Labor, Industry, Transportation, and Foreign Commerce; a Communist Vice-Premier heads the all-powerful Control Commission newly created to supervise all government agencies and enterprises; a Communist Minister Without Portfolio directs education and culture. The "Big Seven" in this system—Tito, Rankovic, Kardelj, Djilas, Juevic, Hebrang, and Pijado—all are Communists. The Praesidium of the federal Parliament contains nearly all the ministers of the central government, plus the premiers of all the republics, plus some ministers of the republics. The Praesidium, which takes the place of the Chief of State in the New Yugoslavia, is thus composed entirely of ministers responsible for themselves as administrators to themselves as executives.

Russia is a land of commissars and soviets; Yugoslavia is a land of secretaries and committees *(odbor)*. There is a governing *odbor* for every community, from the hamlet up. Except in the rare isolated localities where the party has not yet penetrated, the secretary of every *odbor* is also the secretary of the local People's Front and of the Communist Party. This identity of secretaries, together with the interlocking in the Praesidium, is what the Partisans call *jedinstvo vlasti* (unity of power). It is a basic principle of the constitution. Its avowed purpose is to abolish separation of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches. Its secret purpose is to concentrate the executive and legislative power—the so-called People's Authority—in Communist hands. As for the judicial power, it resides, by a special refinement of the new constitution, in the public prosecutors rather than the magistrates. Needless to say, the prosecutors are Communists. "Where did you study law?" I asked a prosecutor with whom I dined at Bihacs in the Lika. "I didn't," said he, "I'm a surveyor by trade. Being a lawyer wouldn't matter, because we have different laws now." This man, who spent four of his twenty-seven years as a guerrilla, has the power to reverse all court decisions affecting the 200,000 persons in his jurisdiction.

"I want to talk about the Communist Party," said Dragoljub Jovanovic, leader of the People's Peasant Party, in a daring speech to the Drafting Committee of the Constitutional Assembly last December. "I do not

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apologize for talking about it even though the constitution does not mention it. . . . In the army, in the exercise of power, in the People's Front, and especially in the press and our cultural life, the Communist Party plays such an important role that it is impossible not to take it into account. . . . I fear that this unifying element [the Communist Party] may become a barrier to our existence as was that other unifying element in old Yugoslavia—the monarchy. . . . If we proceed to strangle social and political forces, if we beat down their leaders and make their activity impossible, [we] may bring disaster to the new Yugoslavia. . . . In our new republic we have separated church and state. It would be desirable to separate party and state also, and thereby liquidate all resemblance between our new order and fascism. . . . I am for the People's Front, but not for one which is a toy in the hands of a single party. I respect this party, but I cannot admit that it alone has the right to exist."

Of course this speech was not reported by the government press, and there is no opposition press. By his outburst Jovanovic signed up with the "international reactionaries." Only his wide following and his clear record as a patriot during the occupation saved him from the delicate attentions of the secret police.

My own private travail with the comrades was rather good fun, except for its somber implications for Yugoslav citizens, who, unlike myself, are unable to get up and go. It started the day I arrived in Belgrade. During my previous visit, in the summer of 1945, I had filed some fifteen dispatches, of which all but two were straight news stories, the bulk of them favorable to the regime and none of them against it. The other two were articles published simultaneously in *The Nation* and the London *New Statesman*. For the first of these articles, a factual account of events in Yugoslavia during the early half of my visit, I received the thanks of the Information Minister, Sava Kosanovic, now ambassador to Washington. The second article, cabled from Belgrade just before my departure, attempted to analyze the good and the bad in the Partisan system. For this, while I was somewhere in Hungary or Rumania, the Yugoslav government newspaper, *Politika,* devoted three columns of its first page one day to proving that I was a hopeless reactionary.

Upon my return the two Information Ministry worthies with whom foreign correspondents must deal, one Vuksan and one Baum, gazed upon me with round and startled eyes, then recovered sufficiently to give me a sneering welcome, with many subtle remarks about my "objective correspondence" and some secondary sniping at certain colleagues of mine who had failed to be "objectively pro-Yugoslav" when covering the Trieste dispute. I pointed out that objectivity required something more than ecstatic worshiping before the Partisan shrine. Messrs. Vuksan and Baum subsided sufficiently to promise to arrange interviews with various government spokesmen. I telephoned daily thereafter and was assured that everything possible was being done but that the people on my list were busy, ill, or out of town. Finally I went off for a week on an UNRRA-sponsored tour, along with fourteen foreign correspondents from Rome and Vienna. When we returned to Belgrade on the night of May 8, I learned that I would be officially barred the next day from the victory parade and a Tito reception. Also in the doghouse was Anne Dacie, correspondent of the *New Statesman,* which had published my wicked article the previous year.

The other correspondents went on strike. They refused to go to the parade unless we were allowed to go too. After we had all waited an hour in the Hotel Moskva while the drums rolled, somebody reached the Yugoslav military and persuaded them to rescind the Vuksan-Baum edict. Two staff cars driven by colonels roared up, took us in, and raced us away to a spot directly across from the reviewing stand, where we could see Tito, the People's Choice, wearing a natty blue uniform of his own design and resplendent in his fourteen stars, crosses, and medals.

In the afternoon the correspondents foregathered with Baum, who demanded to know whether they intended to boycott the Marshal's reception also. He explained that I was being barred because I had written "various articles, some of them from outside the country, which we consider disloyal." (I had written one critical article; until the present story from Sofia I have never filed a word about Yugoslavia except from Yugoslavia; I am not aware that I owe any loyalty to a foreign state.) Baum went on to disclose that I had got back to Yugoslavia through an official error, "legally but by mistake." The correspondents thereupon decided that each of them would have to make up his own mind about going to the reception, since it was a social function and not a news event, but they concurred in a stiff protest against the use of a Big Stick to keep newspapermen friendly.

The United States and British embassies subsequently expressed their view of the proceedings to the Yugoslav Foreign Office, which melted with regrets for the antics of the Information Ministry. Poor Anne Dacie's telephone, which had been ringing incessantly during the night just to bother her a little more, stopped ringing. The embassies were promised that discrimination against us would cease. I'll never know whether the affair would really have ended there. The next day Tito was scheduled to give us a press conference. No invitation list of correspondents was issued. Instead, the conference was canceled at the last moment, because "the Marshal is not in Belgrade." Three days later I left for Bulgaria, arriving twenty-two hours before my Russian entry permit to this happy land expired.

[*Part I of this article appeared last week.*]

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Air Transport's Growing Pains

THANKS to air transport, I was able to spend last week-end with my family in a remote corner of Vermont. Had I relied on the railroad I would have spent most of my three days on the journey, for train service to that area is incredibly slow and infrequent. Going by air, I was able to finish my work at the office on Friday afternoon and reach my destination by midnight, even though after landing at Burlington I had about 100 miles to drive.

Grateful as I am to the air lines, I have nevertheless some grumbles about a mode of travel which moves one above the earth with a hawk's speed but conducts its necessary ground operations at a snail's pace. My troubles on this trip started a week before my departure when I attempted to make a reservation for Montpelier, the nearest airport to our Vermont cottage. Unable to get assurance of a seat beyond Boston, I then booked for the outward flight to Burlington by another line, and after making several phone calls secured a return passage from Montpelier. Picking up this ticket at the air-line offices took over half an hour as an inadequate staff of clerks strove to deal with a struggling throng of would-be passengers.

On Friday afternoon I arrived punctually at the city terminal at four, having been told that the limousine left for LaGuardia Field at that hour; actually it did not depart until four-thirty. At the airport we boarded the plane in about ten minutes, but then we sat in the stifling interior until six o'clock, when we took off an hour late. At eight we landed at Burlington; so that out of an elapsed travel time of four hours only two were spent in the air. On the return journey my experience was similar. The plane took off almost on schedule, but at Boston I had to change to another which was almost an hour late although it was a beautiful clear night. At LaGuardia Field there was what seemed an unnecessarily long wait before the limousine departed for the city, and I finally reached my apartment some four and a half hours after leaving Montpelier, although again actual flying time was only just over two hours.

This experience has not crushed my enthusiasm for air travel, but it has creased it somewhat. Others I have talked to have voiced similar complaints, and it seems to me that the air lines would do well to give as much thought to this question of ground speed as they are giving to that of air speed. Of course, the time saved in a flight to California in one of the new planes such as the 400-miles-per-hour Republic Rainbow will be so great that an hour or two lost at the terminals may not matter very much. But the bulk of air travel is and will continue to be a matter of comparatively short flights, when seemingly unnecessary delays cause resentment.

I realize that at present civil aviation is suffering from growing pains. It has been expanding at a tremendous pace since V-J Day, and it has not yet enough equipment to take care of all demands. In addition, it is handicapped by lack of trained personnel, particularly on the commercial side, and by shortage of office space. But poor service gives air travel many black eyes, and a year or eighteen months hence, when the aggregate number of plane seats available will be enormously increased, the air lines may regret that they have not done more to build up a thoroughly satisfied clientèle.

Competition for travel dollars is going to be keen before very long. The railroads are at last waking up to the fact that they will have to fight to keep long-distance passenger traffic and are hard at work improving their facilities. However, the fiercest competition is likely to be among the various air lines. As of April 1 the domestic air lines had a total fleet of 556 aircraft. Deliveries scheduled before the end of 1947 will more than double this number and much more than double seating capacity, for the planes on order are much bigger on the average than those in use. Moreover, the new planes are much speedier and will carry more passengers more miles per year. According to an article in the *Wall Street Journal* of April 6, if all planes now on order are delivered, the domestic air lines will have a potential annual capacity of thirty-five billion seat-miles a year, which compares with an actual sale of four billion seat-miles in 1945. This means that air carriers will be able to handle with a comfortable margin as many passengers, excluding commuters, as the railroads carried in 1941. Since, it will be many years, if ever, before the air lines capture all long-distance passenger traffic from the rails, they will have to create a demand for travel beyond the pre-war normal if they do not wish to fly their beautiful and expensive new ships half empty.

Apart from competition with older modes of transport and competition among themselves, the air lines have been encountering a challenge from what are known as "unscheduled" air operators. In the last year hundreds of enterprises of this kind have been launched, many by veterans. Using to a large extent government surplus planes, they have been providing both passenger and freight service on a charter basis. Under Civil Aeronautical Board rules, these companies cannot advertise rates or schedules, but a number of them flew almost daily loads of passengers to Florida during the winter season and others have organized regular freight service.

It is, perhaps, in the goods-carrying field—hitherto rather neglected by the air lines, which have concentrated on mail and passenger traffic—that the non-scheduled operators have done the most useful pioneer work. By calculating rates closely and going after new business in an imaginative way, they have created demand. On plane-load lots some of them quote rates as low as 13 cents a ton-mile, which compares with an average base rate for the air lines of about 26½ cents and with air express charges much bigger than that. But their mushroom growth may now be checked, for they face the threat of closer regulation by the C. A. B., and they have awakened the air lines to missed opportunities. Recently American Airlines announced that it had leased thirteen big cargo planes from the government and was prepared to haul long-distance freight at 11 cents a ton-mile for plane-load lots. This is a fighting figure which portends a new era of competition in the air.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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HAMLET: THE EXISTENTIAL MADNESS

BY WYLIE SYPHER

AFTER we have read "Hamlet" with a full awareness of the Oedipus complex, and of the traditional melancholy and cynicism of the Elizabethan malcontent, there persist half-philosophic problems about Hamlet's indeterminations, irresponsibilities, haphazard violences, and revulsion from the stale world. Essentially such problems are those of sensibility—of an "absurd sensibility"—and lately Hamlet has been called an "existent." Psychoanalysis, of course, offers its own account of this absurd sensibility, and the philosophic and even the aesthetic status of existentialism remains uncertain. In fact, one might better speak of Hamlet not as existent but rather as passing through an existential phase into which he is precipitated by the wedding of Gertrude to Claudius and the intimations of his own ambivalence. The phase terminates with Hamlet's sudden recognition just before the duel with Laertes that there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. With this recognition he transcends his "absurd sensibility," which in retrospect amounts to an aberration. During the aberration itself Shakespeare's opposition of Hamlet's absurdity to the responses of Laertes or Horatio establishes a decisive frame of reference apparently lacking in current existential fictions. So to understand Hamlet's momentary position as "absurd man" not only extends our interpretation of the play; it places existentialism in a long perspective.

In spite of the confusions within existentialism (does Camus, for example, intend to attack *Existenz* in "The Stranger"?) the existential tradition from Kierkegaard through Berdyaev and the present French writers involves a weighty sense of the impossible "choices"—the contingencies—amid which man lives, choices that must be made and held inwardly although they are "absurd" and unintelligible to the reason, which oversimplifies. Thus the existent bears his uneasiness or "care" at not-being-at-home within the incalculable alien world of actualities. To live subjectively he must establish his identity by some desperate, paradoxical egoism such as suicide. The relations of the existent to the alien unintelligible world are thus not "serious." At the same time the existent, in his too solid flesh, remains an aesthete because of the unceasing felt pressure of the actualities irreducible by the explanations of reason.

It is clear that Hamlet is "absurdly" placed between the polarities of hedonism and asceticism; the will to live and the will to die; the will to power and the will to renunciation; cruelty and pity; the world as actuality and the world as illusion; and, most inclusively, surrender to being and surrender to becoming. His indeterminations are token that he guards his "metaphysical honor in insisting on the absurdity of the world." He thinks precisely on the event, quartering his thoughts, while he bears at the same time within his consciousness the knowledge that "this thing's to do." In his repudiation of logic, his inability or unwillingness to hold a consistent position, the world presents itself to him as irrational immediate experience, as those dark actualities that appear illusory: "O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams."

Thus occur Hamlet's impulsive actions, like Meursault's slaying of the Arab in "The Stranger"—since neither Hamlet nor Meursault has an "interest" in his act. In his way Hamlet becomes, as does Meursault, *l'homme machine* for the existentialist reason that reality is unthinkable ("failure of thought is the condition for *Existenz*"). Claudius observes, "How dangerous is it that this man goes loose." Hamlet is dangerous in the "serious" world of intelligible conduct, for he exists only in his acts, which happen automatically and "absurdly." We cannot "explain" his conduct; his "existence" precedes his "being." As drama, the play can be understood by an existentialist strategy of apprehending Hamlet's existing-in-the-world-of-the-drama-itself, but hardly otherwise. Analysis of Hamlet's "motives" is in a sense impertinent, for his situation, "seriously" considered, is "unthinkable." It is as if Shakespeare had freed him from the illusory world of rationality and aggravated the unthinkability of his position in an *Existenz* into which he is projected by Gertrude's lechery. His values are translated from "reason" to "absurdity."

Hamlet is the nihilist. His nihilism is not, however, Byronic—a gesture of defiance performed in romantic isolation. Instead, it expresses a final alienation, an existential malaise at not-being-at-home. Therefore the consummate importance of his speculation whether to die, to cease—paradoxically he can "choose" to exist only by a feat of nihilism that unequivocally establishes his being-in-the-world. We cannot suppose that for him the real issue is religious, whether the Everlasting has fixed a canon against self-slaughter; it is a crux in existential philosophy—suicide. Were the act to make a final quietus, were it completely his own, self-determined and self-determining, Hamlet could with a bare bodkin make not only the ultimate evasion but also the ultimate "choice" by which he commits himself to utter egoism, irrevocably alienated, torn from the context of his fellows.

In this sense, possibly, Hamlet is "serious." In ordinary serious obligations Hamlet behaves absurdly, with disturbing irresponsibility. Polonius, the Political Man, is conventionally "serious," a symbol of "these tedious old fools" who become identified with their functions in society. Hamlet, in contrast to Polonius or Fortinbras or Osric or Laertes, is always taking the disengaged "dramatic" view of himself and his plight; he sees life as Art; he "plays" at existence-in-the-world and thus affirms his estrangement from society and its expectations. That is the reason, dramatically, why Ham-

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let's discourse to the players is not extraneous: Hamlet is himself, in the existentialist way, an "actor" in the world, maintaining his freedom by playing, intent on the mirror held up to nature, not behaving within "reality" itself, which is so removed or "bracketed" as to appear under a suspension of disbelief, for it is not "real" enough to be taken "seriously." But here is another "anxiety"—Hamlet's sense that he can only "play," and like a whore unpack his heart with words, at the very moment when he "seriously" should commit himself, resign his "freedom," and by the act of revenge identify himself with the world of "objectivity" and "thought." As with Sartre, there is an approximation of dramatic to aesthetic response: the hero of "La Nausée" scuffs at the root of a tree to bark it "just to *play* with the absurdity of the world." At the instant when Hamlet has the "serious" proof of the guilt of Claudius he assumes the "dramatic" nihilist view of his position. "Would not this, sir," he asks Horatio, after Claudius has left the play in a panic, "and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my raz'd shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?" By this "play" Hamlet creates a freedom in the objective world; in the subjective world he can become free only by the bare bodkin.

The objective world appears to Hamlet alternately as illusion and as "an unweeded garden/That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature/Possess it merely." Among the paradoxes of "Hamlet" is the "seriousness" of this aestheticism that terminates in indifference or revulsion, as in "The Stranger" or "La Nausée." Camus speaks of "the incessant appeal of a quantitatively inexhaustible universe." Hamlet, like Sartre, is aware that there are "no unaccented beats; everything, even the least perceptible stir," is existence. Under this hedonistic sensibility of the absurd, existence is leveled to the uninterrupted responses of a Pater-like, quickened, and multiplied consciousness, which does not exhilarate but oppresses with an indiscrimination that may amount to nausea. The nihilism of Hamlet, his repudiation of "seriousness," is nowhere so apparent as in his indiscriminations, in his uniform acute sensibility foreshortening and reducing—or heightening perhaps—all experience. The appearance of the ghost or the players; the rites for Ophelia or the death of her father (Hamlet lugging his guts); the reverie upon Yorick or the reflection upon ambitious Fortinbras; the clowning with Osric or the malign delight in the politic murder of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—all represent themselves in Hamlet's consciousness with the unremitting sharp accents of equal stress, and none are "serious."

Or not "serious" except when the naked world, rank and gross, shows itself, and one is inarticulate against the monstrous absurdity in which one is homeless. The hero of the Sartre novel suffocates under his apocalypse: "I was very well aware that it was the World, the naked World, which had suddenly shown itself, and I was choking with rage against this huge absurd being." With raging anxiety Hamlet instantaneously recognizes more things in heaven and earth than philosophy can dream. This is the Hamlet nausea. The meditation on Yorick is not alone the melancholy discovery that your worm is your only emperor for diet, that we fat ourselves for maggots. Yorick was of infinite jest and excellent fancy, the fellow of Hamlet's youth: "And now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it." The hedonism, with existential distortion, has been inverted to disgust. Sensation remains (*l'apparence sensible,* as Camus terms it), and in the very sensation, anxiety—a self-tormenting perversion of hedonism and asceticism, a cosmic ennui in which one is laid open to the indifference of the universe. Everything is gratuitous, good kissing carrion.

The question is not one of a philosophy of the absurd, but of an absurd sensibility. Hamlet is your only jig-maker, in Kierkegaardian perception of the ironic. His moments of genuine madness are his most visionary existential moments, when his nausea is hardest upon him. Nausea—not Byronic cynicism. The dilemma of existence itself, its unthinkable expansions, flowerings, pullulations, and paradoxes, is held too inwardly. Mere cynicism offers explanations; it could not occasion the graveyard scene, the interview with Gertrude, or above all the attitude toward Ophelia: "You jig, you amble, and you lisp and nickname God's creatures and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad." More than the times are out of joint for Hamlet. As existent, by illumination, he intuits the absurdity at the heart of things; existence goes by contingencies, not necessities, and to exist is unaccountably to be here acting, or trying to act, or playing at acting, between dense absurd extremes.

But at the end the focus shifts; the "normal" sensibility is reestablished. The existential insight was after all delusion. The dying Hamlet, had he time, "could tell you" of his cause aright.

The Injury

From this hospital bed
I can hear an engine
breathing—somewhere
in the night:

—Soft coal, soft coal,
soft coal!

And I know it is men
breathing
shoveling, resting—

—Go about it
the slow way, if you can
find any way—
Christ!
who's a bastard?
—quit
and quit shoveling.

A man breathing
and it quiets and
the puff of steady
work begins
slowly: Chug.
Chug. Chug. Chug. . . .
fading off.
Enough coal at least
for this small job

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Soft! Soft!
—enough for one small
engine, enough for that.

A man shoveling,
working and not lying here
in this
hospital bed—powerless
—with the white-throat
calling in the
poplars before dawn, his
faint flute-call,
triple tongued, piercing
the shingled curtain
of the new leaves;
drowned out by
car wheels
singing now on the rails,
taking the curve,
slowly,
a long wail,
high pitched:
rounding
the curve—

—the slow way because
(if you can find any
way) that is
the only way left now
for you.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

At the Indian Killer's Grave

Behind King's Chapel what the earth has kept
Whole from the jerking noose of time extends
Its dark enigma to Jehosaphat;
Or will King Philip plait
The just man's scalp in the wailing valley! Friends,
Blacker than these black stones the subway bends
About the dirty elm roots and the well
For the unchristened infants in the waste
Of the great garden rotten to its root;
Death, the engraver, puts forward his bone foot
And Grace-with-wings and Time-on-wings compel
All this antique abandon of the disgraced
To face Jehovah's buffets and his ends.

The dusty leaves and frizzled lilacs gear
This garden of the elders with baroque
And prodigal embellishments but smoke,
Settling upon the pilgrims and their grounds,
Espouses and confounds
Their dust with the off-scourings of the town;
The libertarian crown
Of England built their mausoleum. Here
A clutter of Bible and weeping willows guards
The stern colonial magistrates and wards
Of Charles the Second, and the clouds
Weep on the just and unjust as they will,—
For the poor dead cannot see Easter crowds
On Boston Common or the Beacon Hill
Where strangers hold the golden Statehouse dome
For good and always. Where they live is home:
A common with an iron railing: here
Frayed cables wreathe the spreading cenotaph
Of John and Mary Winslow and the laugh
Of death is hacked in sandstone, in their year.

A green train grinds along its buried tracks
And screeches. When the great mutation racks
The Pilgrim Fathers' relics, will these placques
Harness the spare-ribbed persons of the dead
To battle with their dragon? Philip's head
Grins on the platter, fouls in pantomime
The fingers of kept time:
"Surely, this people is but grass,"
He whispers, "this will pass;
But, Sirs, the trollop dances on your skulls
And breaks the hollow noddle like an egg
That thought the world an eggshell. Sirs, the gulls
Scream from the squelching wharf-piles, beg a leg
To crack their crops. The Judgment is at hand;
Only the dead are poorer in this world
Where State and elders thundered *raca,* hurled
Anathemas at nature and the land
That fed the hunter's gashed and green perfection—
Its settled mass concedes no outlets for your puns
And verbal paradises. Your election,
Hawking above this slime
For souls as single as their skeletons,
Flutters and claws in the dead hand of time."

When you go down this manhole to the drains,
The doorman barricades you in and out;
You wait upon his pleasure. All about
The pale, sand-colored, treeless chains
Of T-squared buildings strain
To curb the spreading of the braced terrain;
When you go down this hole, perhaps your pains
Will be rewarded well; no rough-cast house
Will bed and board you in King's Chapel. Here
A public servant putters with a knife
And paints the railing red
Forever, as a mouse
Cracks walnuts by the headstones of the dead
Whose chiseled angels peer
At you, as if their art were long as life.

I ponder on the railing at this park:
Who was the man who sowed the dragon's teeth,
That fabulous or fancied patriarch
Who sowed so ill for his descent, beneath
King's Chapel in this underworld and dark?
John, Matthew, Luke, and Mark,
Gospel me to the Garden, let me come
Where Mary twists the warlock with her flowers—
Her soul a bridal chamber fresh with flowers
And her whole body an ecstatic womb,
As through the trellis peers the sudden Bridegroom.

ROBERT LOWELL

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Niebuhr's Vision of Our Time

DISCERNING THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE great problem of the age is to discover a theory of human nature which will account for the present tableau of man holding a loaded gun to his head and itching to press the trigger. The guileless nineteenth-century faith in human perfectibility is now revealed to be hideously misleading; the certitudes of Marxism seem increasingly sterile and false. Freud has, at least, reminded us that the individual has dark and tangled aspects which neither promise indefinite improvement nor proceed from a cruel system. Even the left is now discovering, with Dwight Macdonald, that "the root is man."

Dr. Niebuhr's valuable contribution has been to apply to this problem one of the more ancient and tested systems for understanding experience. His new book is a collection of ten "sermonic essays"—sermons actually preached in American colleges and revised for publication. It is more strictly religious in tone and purpose than were his recent penetrating critiques of modern liberalism. But its point of view is worth the close examination of anyone trying to make secular sense out of present confusions.

Niebuhr's vision of the present is of a time dominated by impotence and frustration—"a tragic era between two ages." The age of absolute national sovereignty is over, but the age of international order is powerless to be born. The age of economic self-regulation is over, but the age which combines central regulation with freedom and justice is powerless to be born. Why is humanity in this dilemma? Our liberals talk of the "cultural lag"; technology has shot ahead, they say, and social organization must catch up. Niebuhr says that we have something more basic than mere inertia to lick; there is a "positive and spiritual element in our resistance to necessary changes." The source of the trouble is "the very paradox of human existence: the greatness and the weakness of man." And the paradox becomes progressively more dangerous because "man's powers are continually increasing, and yet man's essential weakness remains the same."

What is man's essential weakness? It is, of course, the inclination to evil, "primarily the inclination to inordinate self-love"—the universal attempt to escape the consciousness of implication in the universal sin. This essential weakness cannot be cured by ordinary moral idealism, which only breeds further self-righteousness. It can be cured "only by religious contrition"—by that sense of consuming humility which is the by-product of religious faith.

The age thus needs religion to uproot the spiritual causes of our present corruptions. But the shape of natural and historical forces supplies no ground for optimism. After centuries when the Christian faith seemed irrelevant to men who found their hopes easily fulfilled in history, we are now entering a time when disappointment and frustration become serious issues. This is "a generation which must have the spiritual resources to deal with the problem of frustration"; so we need religion for that purpose too.

Niebuhr combats dutifully and ably the vulgar view that religion is inherently counter-revolutionary because of its emphasis on otherworldliness. The gospel, he repeatedly

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reminds us, has its "relative-historical" as well as its "final-and-absolute" aspects. His own analysis carefully distinguishes the two and avoids the mistake of trying to explain "relative-historical" developments in "final-and-absolute" terms.

This vocabulary is doubtless still offensive to leftists, but they would be well advised to heed the facts of experience to which the words correspond. The Christian account of human motivation is massive, subtle, and intricate, and it throws broad light on certain present dilemmas which baffle liberalism or Marxism. Whatever you say about Augustine, at least he would not have been much surprised by the outcome of the Russian Revolution. Niebuhr doggedly makes certain elemental points which anyone who writes about politics had better absorb: that the world is complicated; that man—all men, not just your political enemies—can be devious and destructive in their motivation; and that these two facts prescribe a certain humility before the problems of the day.

Niebuhr might well raise the further question about the significance of the understanding without the belief. We all may derive rewarding insights from the Christian conception of man without accepting the Christian drama of sin and salvation as true; but to a believer this is probably a fairly idiotic position. Man in the tableau may recognize that it is an agonized sense of alienation from God which impels him to press the trigger, but that understanding is likely to be impotent without the infusion of grace.

"You're not a believer, are you?" Haines asked. "I mean, a believer in the narrow sense of the word. Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God."

"There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me," Stephen said.

An irreligious age is left in a helpless position; but at least Dr. Niebuhr can give a coherent explanation of how it got that way.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

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—*New York Times.*

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Ernie Pyle's Last Book

LAST CHAPTER. By Ernie Pyle. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IT IS standard operating procedure to find someone who knew Ernie Pyle to write reviews about his books. In the hundreds of reviews, each tried to be original, but it was hard because Ernie was not a man you kick up controversies over—if you knew him you loved him. He didn't hurt any feelings, follow any party lines, accuse any generals, nor were his personal feelings or motives a mystery. As far as I know not a single review was unfavorable to him.

Most of them said, "The last time I saw Ernie, he was sitting on a cot in his long-handled G. I. drawers, with a haunted look on his face, expecting to be killed. . . ." and they went on to say he was a gnomish, generous, real little guy you regarded as a father or a brother—depending on the writer's age—upon first sight. Well, he was a gnomish, generous, real little guy, susceptible to hard-luck stories and hangovers, and he often was found in long-handled drawers with a haunted look on his face, expecting to be killed.

And the last time *I* saw Ernie, he was sitting on a folding chair giving me hell for getting an agent. He told me how well he got along without one, and since I already knew what I wanted to do in civilian life after the war, why did I need advice? Shortly afterward, a Hollywood producer, noted for his enterprise and thrift, secured the movie rights to Ernie's then current book, got the blessing and cooperation of the War Department, and turned out a picture which was a Hollywood war picture. It contains such box-office attractions as an oversexed American soldier of foreign parentage. This was an insult to the memory of many very fine and very dead guys of foreign extraction, as well as to Ernie, who did not believe in selling his column by portraying soldiers as childish delinquents with funny accents. One of Ernie's great heroes was a captain named Waskow, and he wrote one of the most touching stories of any war about Captain Waskow's death. The producer, perhaps afraid that the name Waskow might not appeal to certain customers, changed it to Walker in the movie.

The agentless Ernie received $10,000 for the right to produce this epic—about 5 per cent of what a more agent-minded author of so popular a best-seller would have received from other thrifty and enterprising producers. I don't see how Ernie could have liked the movie, but he still would advise me not to get an agent.

Since reviews about Ernie must contain a personal anecdote, that was mine.

I think "Last Chapter" is mostly a meandering beginning to what would have been as great a story of people in war as "Brave Men"—but the foxhole stuff didn't start until the last part of the book, where he made an invasion with the marines and spent some time with the infantry which he

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had done so much to glorify in the days when the only glory they saw was at the Pearly Gates. I hope it is not irreverent to mention that one time after Ernie's death I thought of him on a cloud being pointed out by a couple of infantrymen on another cloud—one of them saying, "There's the guy who made Congress raise our pay."

The first parts of the book are mostly about the navy. The Navy Department, hurt because it hadn't any Boswells, wanted Ernie to come stay with them for a while. Ernie, who respected what he had seen of the navy, and who didn't want anybody to be hurt, went along with them. Possibly the only trouble was that the navy, which has very set ideas about rank and prestige, couldn't quite adjust itself to the idea of a man of Ernie's stature, with the rank of war correspondent to boot, chumming with ordinary sailors.

Anyway, most of the book's navy section is about officers. To Ernie Pyle's everlasting credit, he loved everybody alike, and he considered officers every bit as good as enlisted men. So when he found himself among officers, he wrote interesting things about them. In fact, although I had always known that gentlemen with officers' rank had a pretty hellish time in companies and battalions, and usually distinguished themselves and got killed as regularly as gentlemen of enlisted rank—it wasn't until I read Ernie's columns regularly in Europe that I discovered officers of higher rank were often human beings with halitosis and homesickness just like everybody else.

Ernie's naval officers did a highly complex, difficult, and dangerous job, and they deserved his publicity. He mentions often that the ship was well stocked with sailors, and I gather they were necessary to the successful operation of the voyage, but they seemed mostly background. I don't intend this as a crack at the book. Ernie was bunked with officers, but he would have been equally at home among the sailors, and would have made them just as interesting. But I can't help wondering if the Navy Department ever wonders why the hell it never had a Boswell.

If a simple, honest man ever had reason to become neurotic and anti-social, Ernie did during his last stay in America. Our good citizens overwhelmed him with love, and among the citizens were those with business interests at heart. He bit once, a full-color cigarette ad displayed him smoking the service man's favorite brand—I forget which—and he resisted successfully after that.

I'm sure he would have gone to the Pacific war anyway, but I have often thought the trip was possibly hurried somewhat by all the love that was showered upon him. I know, I know, thought five hundred thousand mothers throughout the land, I know he's awfully tired, but it wouldn't hurt to phone him and ask why Johnny's in the guardhouse.

But he kept on loving people right back in his worried way, and he kept simple and honest. It sounds very trite, but there it is. Here's real honesty, in my opinion, from a page in "Last Chapter":

> We hadn't been in the room two seconds when one Seabee called through the window: "Say, aren't you Ernie Pyle?" I said, "Right," and he said, "Whoever thought we'd meet you here? I recognized you from your picture." All the others stopped work and gathered outside the window while we talked through the screen. . . .

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Look, dear reader, let's put you out there on an island in his place. You're writing a column which is being eagerly awaited by millions, and you have a reputation which is causing statues to be erected. Senators are suggesting your birthday become a national holiday. You gotta play your cards right. The public likes to knock heroes off pedestals. One wrong word can queer you. If you're the clever type, you write, "One of the Seabees looked in my window and said, 'Hey, mugs, they're sendin' a sideshow to build our morale!'" Or if you're the quiet type, you say, "They looked at me like any other replacement." Or else you forget the incident and go looking for other copy.

But Ernie put it down, because it happened, and it was an experience. Nobody else could have got away with it, but then there was nobody like him. BILL MAULDIN

Aftermath

Shuffle and cut. What was so large and one
Is now a pack of dog's-eared chances—Oh
Where is the Fear that warmed us to the gun,
That moved the cock to tousle the night and crow
In the gaps between the bombs? In this new round
The joker that could have been any moment death
Has been withdrawn, the cards are what they say
And none is wild; the bandaging dark which bound
This town together is loosed and in the array
Of bourgeois lights man's love can save its breath:
Their ransomed future severs once more the child
Of luck from the child of lack—and none is wild.

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I walk beside the prisoners to the road.
Load on puffed load,
Their corpses, stacked like starving wood,
Lie barred or galled with blood

By the charred warehouse. No one comes today
In the old way
To knock the fillings from their teeth;
The dark, coned, common wreath

Is plaited for their grave—a kind of grief.
The living leaf
Clings to the planted profitable
Pine if it is able;

The boughs sigh, mile on green, calm, breathing mile,
From this dead file
The planners ruled for them. . . . One year
They sent a million here:

Here men were drunk like water, burnt like wood.
The fat of good
And evil, the breast's star of hope
Were rendered into soap.

I paint the star I sawed from yellow pine—
And plant the sign
In soil that does not yet refuse
Its usual Jews

Their first asylum. But the white, dwarfed star—
This dead white star—
Hides nothing, pays for nothing; smoke
Fouls it, a yellow joke,

The needles of the wreath are chalked with ash,
A filmy trash
Litters the black woods with the death
Of men; and one last breath

Curls from the monstrous chimney . . . I laugh aloud
Again and again;
The star laughs from its rotting shroud
Of flesh. O star of men!

RANDALL JARRELL

Silone's Spiritual Journey

AND HE HID HIMSELF. A Play in Four Acts. By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Darina Tranquilli. Harper and Brothers. $2.

ALTHOUGH Silone's play is based on "Bread and Wine," it is closer in spirit to the later novel, "The Seed Beneath the Snow." The distance Silone has traveled, "coming from far and going far," is indicated by the transformation the character of Pietro Spina has undergone in "And He Hid Himself" and the accompanying change in

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the law of gravity is not what you learned it was, when you went to school? the difference between matter and spirit is purely a question of electronics? the earth is not one of those brass pin-points in the night-sky? Consciousness is the most general of the physical elements? the most distant of the stars is as near to you as your sleeve-cuff? light has no velocity?

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Founder of Scientific Humanism, he labors on his socio-scientific theorems in the Department of Philosophy, the University of Pittsburgh. To the list of the founders of the great intellectual faiths of mankind — Pythagoras, Plato, Bacon and Descartes — add the name Oliver L. Reiser.

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the familiar theme of "the spirit of man . . . forced to save itself in hiding." In "Bread and Wine" Spina is primarily a revolutionist, sobered though he has been by the failures of the revolutionary movement in Europe. But in disguising himself as the priest Don Paolo Spada, to hide from the Fascist police, Spina takes on thematic as well as strategic vestments, and the strategy of his pose itself poses the problem that is to occupy the rest of his career: what is the justification of Marxism; why is one a Socialist; what are the ends that socialism serves? Spina now professes a deeper moral commitment than in his early days as a Marxist, and he tries to justify his Marxism in terms of what he believes to be the higher and broader morality of the Christian tradition. But his position is still expressed in the form of a natural morality, and its relation to Christianity, which he regards as an ethical heritage, though intimate, is one of consonance rather than derivation.

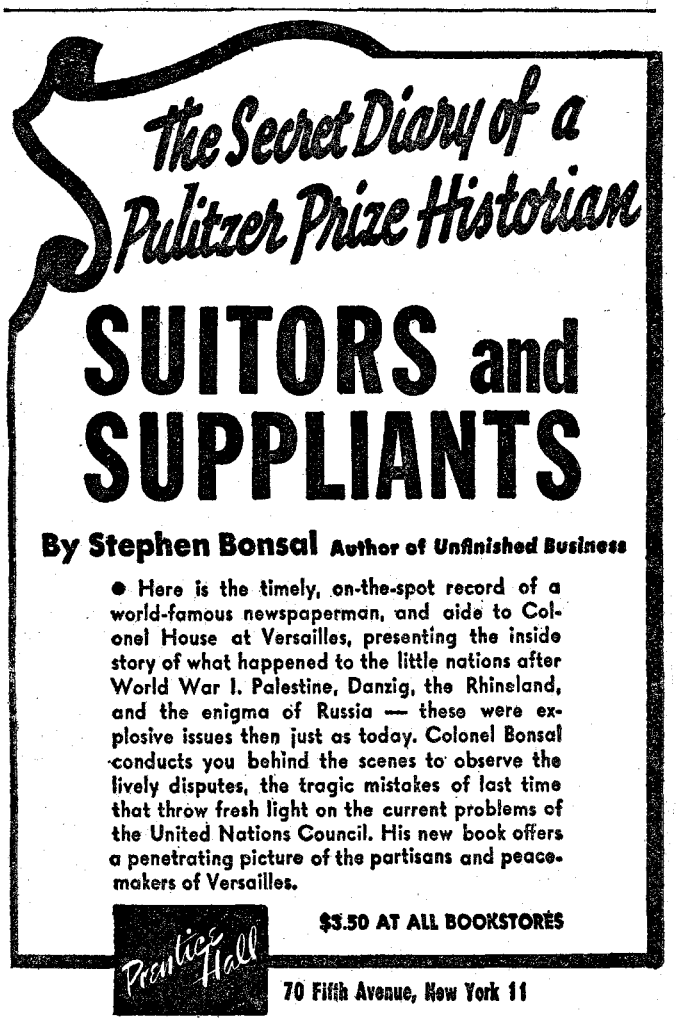
It is in "The Seed Beneath the Snow" that the priestly habit of Don Paolo Spada becomes a habit of Spina's soul. The Christian justification of Marxism has turned toward a fusion of the two traditions, and it is now as a Christian that Spina goes among the peasants of the Abruzzi. His political acts are acts of brotherhood and humility. The strength of the Fascist regime and the unpropitious time have forced him into a retreat from direct politics; but it is a retreat that he regards as a forward step. Before a step can be taken, it must be prepared. To prepare the way by an examination of conscience, by a purgation of soul, by devoting oneself to acts of brotherhood in the example of Christ, is also a political task—for how shall there be just politics without a living justice among men? Christianity is now more than a heritage that natural morality may share with the Church Militant. It is also the essence of the message that Spina has to transmit to the Italian underground, and Christian righteousness is the source and the authority for the values that he upholds under the Fascist terror. Accordingly, Silone's imagination draws more freely on Christian symbols. In "The Seed Beneath the Snow" we encounter the hide-out in the manger, the donkey, the germination of the grain of wheat; Silone's peasant humor is blended with a Franciscan humility and love, and there occurs the ultimate Christian act of sacrifice in the form of Spina's surrender to the police, for the sake of the village idiot, who represents the mass of men.

This development in the direction of greater explicitness in the use of Christian symbolism, and in the transformation of metaphor into literal Christian meaning, is carried farther in "And He Hid Himself." In the introductory note to the play Silone says that the modern drama presents "a new element in the guise of protagonist: the proletarian." (As Silone uses the term, drama denotes both the theater and man's consciousness in general—an ambiguity which is of some importance in the analysis of his play.) The proletarian is a new protagonist because modern Christian man recognizes in his "hardships and his destiny . . . the stuff of history, thought, or art." We recognize him as such because "between the ancients and us there has come Jesus Christ."

I should like to quote extensively from the introduction for its importance in establishing the dual context in which the play can be read:

> The characters of this drama are men of today, but they "come from far and are going far." They belong only incidentally to the chronicle of time. Their existence bears witness to the spiritual journey of the author and . . . a considerable number of men of his generation, in these last years. . . .
>
> The rediscovery of a Christian heritage in the revolution of our time remains the most important gain that has been made in these last years for the conscience of our generation. . . .
>
> It is a heritage weighed down with debts. A living, painful, almost absurd heritage. In the sacred history of man on earth it is still, alas, Good Friday. Men who "hunger and thirst after righteousness" are still derided, persecuted, put to death. The spirit of man is still forced to save itself in hiding.
>
> The revolution of our epoch, promoted by politicians and economists, thus takes on the form of a "sacred mystery," with the very fate of man on earth for its theme.
>
> The tasks of the economic and political order are by no means obscured or dissimulated thereby; they are indeed the first and main tasks. But the men called on to carry them out must know that they come from far and are going far.

I find a puzzling ambiguity in these statements. On the one hand, Christianity is said to be a heritage, and as such, presumably, its rediscovery represents a gain to the revolutionary movement *from without*. But it is because of Christ, on the other hand, that the proletarian occupies his domi-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nant position in the drama and the consciousness of our time—which gives Christianity a central position *within* socialism. Thus socialism is independent of Christianity, to the extent, at least that it can draw on it (and restore it and carry it on as part of its general aim at the reestablishment of human values); at the same time it is dependent on Christianity as an essential foundation for its values. The latter half of this ambiguity takes on even greater literal meaning in the play.

"And He Hid Himself" is a "Good Friday" play, in a setting made familiar by the novels. The main action is concerned with the episode of the informer Murica, as in "Bread and Wine." Murica, a young student member of the underground, betrays his comrades to the Fascist police; tormented by his conscience, he seeks to redeem himself by confessing to Spina. It is not punishment that he fears so much as the possibility that he may escape punishment. The distinction between good and evil cannot consist merely in the distinction between that which society rewards and that which it punishes; for if a technique of betrayal were perfect, there would be no detection, hence no punishment, and therefore no distinction between good and evil. It is this which Murica cannot endure, and he confesses to Spina to be judged, and thereby restored to the human community. Spina spares him and accepts him back into the party.

One may note that up to this point neither Murica's nor Spina's acts require motivation in terms of literal Christianity. Spina's compassion, his identification of revolutionary activity with the highest moral engagement, and his discussion of the motives a man may have for becoming a Socialist, from frustration in the bourgeois order to a thirst after justice; the guilt Murica feels, his horror at the possibility that he may feel no guilt, and his desire to be restored to humanity can all be explained by natural morality, which can also provide a distinction between good and evil which is not wholly dependent on social approbation or disapproval. But in the further development of the episode, the natural aspect of the situation is transcended imaginatively; Silone draws on the Passion for the construction of a Christian parallel, and Murica becomes a Christ figure whose death, at the hands of the state police, is a recurrence on earth of His agony. Murica has taken sin on himself and has expiated his sin; by offering himself as a sacrifice in death he has redeemed mankind—at least to the extent of influencing the peasants to join the underground, who were at first very reluctant to do so.

I do not insist that the parallel is perfect, or that it must be taken literally. But that it is intended by Silone is evident from the many references he has the villagers make, during the final scenes, to the death of Christ, finally likening Murica to Him. It is significant that Murica's full redemption is obtained not in his confession to Spina, which is explicable in natural terms, but only by a Christlike death. I do not think it is going too far to say that Silone, after the fashion of myth, and without a historian's commitment, puts the Christian drama at the center of man's history, making the Passion epitomize the struggle of man on earth. It thus becomes the basic historical event, "the stuff of history," which every other episode in time, in so far as it is related to man's struggle and has moral significance, recapitu-

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lates as a "sacred mystery." Human aspiration toward justice acquires its meaning and its direction from this event, and it is thus that Jesus Christ raises the proletarian to his dominant position in our "drama."

"And He Hid Himself" is not a successful play, either in its own behalf or as a dramatization of "Bread and Wine." Much of Silone's feeling for peasant humor and wisdom is present, but not to the degree of the novels. Pietro Spina remains the great creation of love and gentleness that he has always been, but the play does not allow him sufficient scope as a person. Spina's shifting from revolutionary to priest is necessarily presented without modulation, and a good deal of the irony of his position is lost. The scenes of the play are too episodic and static, and the exits and entrances constitute practically all the action that occurs on stage. By far the best scene is Murica's confession, which achieves an intensity nowhere else attained; but it does not come as a true climax, for the resultant action introduces extraneous material by way of the Christian parallel, which is not closely enough related in tone to the rest of the play.

Technical reasons may be the most important for explaining the failure of "And He Hid Himself." But there is also something else involved, which has to do with the ambiguity that is apparent in Silone's conception of drama. Drama, as noted at the outset, pertains, for Silone, both to theater and to general consciousness. "And He Hid Himself" is both a play by itself and a presentation of critical episodes in the growth of a Christian Socialist conscience—the latter being not merely an implicit meaning of the play but an element structurally distinct from it. The success with which the novels join action and conscience is not achieved here.

The play, moreover, has the over-all quality of secular drama. So much of the resolution presupposes a direct response to the underlying Christian theme, and its emotional effect depends to such a large extent on the passion with which the spectator responds to the Passion, that the play as a whole becomes virtually a secular enactment of the Christian drama. Now it is hard to see how there can be a secular form in a time when drama—again used ambiguously, as above—is primarily naturalistic. The distinction we are accustomed to recognize between the sacred and the natural is an exhaustive one for our time, allowing for no middle ground, such as the secular. A secular theater presupposes the existence of a Christian society.

Thus the play, in its own terms, reflects the ambiguity of Silone's religious position. As he has stated in the introduction, Christianity is a heritage for the revolutionist to draw upon. But as Silone's development as an imaginative artist indicates, Christianity is not so much an ethical heritage for him as a living tradition, the symbolism and literal meaning of which are becoming the basic sources of his work. This, I am sure, must present a difficulty to all his old admirers. The world from which Silone comes as a radical, and whose conscience he now represents more clearly and more personally than any other living writer, insists, as a matter of its own tradition and its own inner necessity, upon a natural morality, and conceives its struggle as neither sacred nor secular but entirely self-sustaining, a drama in which man is the sufficient character. And yet Silone's examination of natural morality and the questions he has put to the revolutionary conscience, asking it precisely how far it has come and how far it is going, remain the most searching that any man has posed in our time.

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Language as Behavior

SIGNS, LANGUAGE, AND BEHAVIOR. By Charles Morris. Prentice-Hall. $5.

WHEREAS the philologist's approach to language starts with the traditional languages and attempts to construct their historical developments, forms of a more general approach to language have grown up in the last decades. One sprang from symbolic logic; it employs a mathematical symbolism that is not restricted to a particular language and thus reveals the logical structure common to all languages. Although originally meant to supply the means for a logical analysis of mathematics—that was, for instance, Bertrand Russell's plan—this form of logic has turned out to be an outstanding instrument, too, for the analysis of conversational language. Another line of approach developed from modern forms of psychology; in particular, behaviorism, including the study of animal behavior, has raised a new interest in language in its most general forms. It is in the nature of such inquiry that emphasis is laid not on language as a formulation of knowledge but on the general features that apply both to human and animal language; language is seen as an instrument of social relations, which can be employed for the purpose of communication as well as for the control of other individuals that have been conditioned to the use of language.

This book by Charles Morris uses the second line of approach. Morris, who is one of the leaders in the philosophical movement of logical empiricism, has concentrated all his research on the study of language; the science of language is called by him *semiotic,* and he undertakes in the present book to lay the foundations of this new science and construct it in its outlines. He first develops a comprehensive vocabulary suitable for handling linguistic situations, whether they consist in the information given to the driver of a car concerning a closed road, or the buzzing of a bell that informs a dog about the availability of food. The terms "language" and "sign," therefore, are taken in their most general meanings: a sign is anything that causes an organism to respond in a way similar to its responses to a certain object stimulus. The sign, therefore, is a representative for an object, in respect to the organism; thus the buzzing of the bell causes the dog to react much as if the food were shown to him. Morris's formulation of this definition of a sign is more precise than our short summary; in fact, it is not easy to avoid the many ambiguities of such

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terms as "similar reaction." "The science of signs must deal with animals and children and insane persons that cannot report on their behavior, as well as with persons whose reports are often unreliable; so it must start with criteria for the existence of sign processes which are applicable in these cases," writes Morris. He reaches this aim by defining his notation entirely in terms of behavior.

The plan of his inquiry makes Morris a neutral observer of language who refuses to take part in the struggle for a more specific philosophy: "Semiotic will provide the battleground for future philosopher combatants; it cannot name the victor." His neutral position leads Morris to the construction of a classification of discourse. Grouping signs according to the four modes of signifying—the designative, appraisive, prescriptive, and formative modes—Morris combines this division with another one referring to a similar use of language; he thus arrives at sixteen forms of discourse, among which the scientific, the mythical, the poetic, the political, the religious, and the metaphysical may be mentioned. He thus attempts to account for existent diversities in the application of language by deriving all applications from a common schema.

The student of semiotic will welcome these distinctions even if he feels himself compelled to revise them. In a new field of research every first attempt at classification will be subject to later revision. It is the great merit of Morris that he attempts to trace an ordered schema through the wilderness of the applications of language. The analyst of language will be grateful to find a plan of orientation.

A comprehensive work like Morris's book will be a stimulus to all later research in the field; Morris has done pioneer work on a little explored ground, and his results will be of greatest value for further investigations. However, Morris has clear insight also into the social implications of his work. He knows that language, socially speaking, is not only an instrument of progress but also a source of danger; it supplies means of controlling social groups, and its usefulness depends on the way such control is handled. Morris's own words may serve as further explanation on this point:

> Through post-hypnotic suggestion an individual can be caused to perform actions suggested to him without realizing the source of his actions, and with the feeling that he is acting as a free agent. The development of the radio, the printing press, and the movies makes possible an enormous extension of influence not essentially different in kind from hypnosis. Great masses of individuals repeat each week what has been digested for their belief, buy things which they approve because they have been shown a pretty girl or a "scientist" using such articles, mechanically repeat actions which they have been assured ought to be performed. . . . Against this exploitation of individual life semiotic can serve as a counter force. . . . If the individual asks himself the kind of sign he encounters, the purpose for which that sign is used, and the evidence of its truth and adequacy, his behavior shifts from automatic responses to critical and intelligent behavior in which he himself acts as a responsible and spontaneous center. He becomes an autonomous human being, neither unduly suspicious nor unduly gullible, a center of life and not a hypnotized animal.

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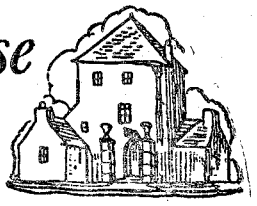

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FICTION IN REVIEW

SOMEWHERE along in the middle of "The Hucksters," by Frederic Wakeman (Rinehart, $2.50), there is a scene in which Kay Dorrance, in love with Vic Norman, the novel's hero, tries to persuade him to give up his successful distasteful radio career and write a book. "I told you I am not an artist," Vic protests. "I don't feel like an artist. I don't have any position about life that is even slightly artistic." Since Mr. Wakeman has up to now clearly been speaking through this hero, it is ungenerous to suspect him of playing a double game when he has Vic denigrate his artistic potentialities so bluntly. That is, we have no right to accuse Mr. Wakeman of supposing that "The Hucksters" is even slightly artistic. The responsibility for raising his book to the status of a best-seller and submitting it to literary examination rests, it seems to me, elsewhere than with the author himself—chiefly with the Book of the Month Club, which has bestowed on it the literary accolade of its June selection.

And yet if "The Hucksters" is entirely negligible as literature, it is anything but negligible as sociology. An exposé of radio advertising, it may tell us little about the role of commercialism in radio that we could not ourselves conjecture simply by listening to the commercial programs on the air. What it does tell us about radio which we could not easily guess is how big the stakes are and how they are won or lost, the quality of the personal emotions it creates and feeds on, the values by which a Vic Norman publicly lives and privately dies. Both knowingly and unknowingly Mr. Wakeman has compiled a Baedeker to the spirit of modern corruption.

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That we appreciate the loyalty and interest of our subscribers goes without saying, and we sincerely hope to repay them with a magazine of ever increasing excellence.

And by modern I mean as of the year 1944, which is the period of Mr. Wakeman's story. We make a great mistake if we assume that any social disorder is ever static. A comparison of Mr. Wakeman's report on the radio business with, say, Kaufman and Hart's report on the movie business in 1930, the date of "Once in a Lifetime," shows a distinct increase of both objective horror and subjective fear. There is a passion of contempt in "The Hucksters" which I cannot remember in the Kaufman and Hart play: it makes Mr. Wakeman's book much closer to evangelism than to farce—and I am certain this describes something far more significant than a mere temperamental difference between the author of "The Hucksters" and the authors of "Once in a Lifetime." For a large quantity of troubled water has flowed under the bridge since the days when to be tempted by Hollywood gold was only the good clean fun of being tempted to sell your sanity along with your talents. The sell-out of 1930 was an innocent pastime compared to the sell-out of 1944, when we have had fourteen years in which to learn that if we barter our wits, our souls are likely to be included in the same package. Vic Norman himself has an insight of which his predecessors in the entertainment field would have been incapable. He has perceived that the pressures in our individual lives are not unrelated to the pressures in the world. He begins to glimpse the connection between his terror and degradation and the terror and degradation that are undermining whole nations. His desperate need to find an "out" from the tyranny of the Beautee Soap account reproduces, in however paltry terms, the need of large sections of mankind to find freedom: hence the piety and anger that play around Mr. Wakeman's satire.

This is perhaps to take "The Hucksters" on higher ground than it consciously claims. It is to take it, I suppose, on the level of art—and both art and a happy family life are conditions of existence which Mr. Wakeman's hero can scarcely hope for himself; they are beyond his income. When Vic earns $25,000 a year, plus bonuses, he can afford antique furniture, but he can only dream of owning his heart's desire, an El Greco. Similarly, with $25,000 a year Vic can afford an affair with Kay Dorrance, but he cannot afford marriage and the support of her and her two children. Indeed, the very merit of Kay lies in her unavailability to a mere $25,000 hireling—for Kay is not only extremely well-born and as beautiful as Ingrid Bergman, but already the wife, although unsatisfied, of a man of great wealth and distinction and the mother of a pair of children on whose questionable charms Vic puts a high financial as well as human price. In other words, the economic-moral principle on which Vic operates is that unless you are fortunate enough to inherit the gifts of the truly good life you must either sell your soul to acquire them or be denied them forever. Thus is economic reality at odds with idealism.

But it is not alone by the economic necessities that idealism is circumscribed. One has the marked impression from Mr. Wakeman's book of an equation between economic reality and Original Sin. The mere act of earning a living is a falling from grace, and therefore salvation, for most people, is not of this life. I do not mean that Mr. Wakeman actually uses the language of religion. But certainly, psychologically speaking, he lays a sturdy foundation for religion.

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For through the whole of "The Hucksters" we are aware of its buried assumption that everything that is attainable is worthless, and that only that which is remote and inaccessible is good and desirable. The book is a treasure-trove of the elements that make up the modern super-ego; and it is to such a source that we must trace, I think, some of the impulse behind our present-day religious revival. While the values of Vic Norman's "real" life are such things as good food and liquor, "sleepable-with" women, $35 neckties, "21," the Century and the Super Chief, he opposes to them a series of almost platonically ideal values—an abstract ideal of democracy, a self-lacerating ideal of service to one's country, an ideal of "constructive" work (engineering, for example), an absolute of pure love and perfect sex. We study the two catalogues and shudder, of course, for a civilization that can force or even suggest such widely separated alternatives. And we recall the not dissimilar oppositions that foretold Aldous Huxley's open religious commitment.

Naturally, as in the case of Aldous Huxley's heroes, there is a strong subjective factor in the revulsion that Mr. Wakeman's hero feels against his life. It is not only because expensive neckties, fast trains, glamour girls, all the rewards of success, are mean in themselves that Vic Norman comes to scorn them. It is also because they are *his* that they lose their magic. The achievement is no better than the achiever, and who, better than the achiever himself, knows the integrity he has sacrificed to be a success? Whatever he touches must be defiled since he himself is pitch. But how remain undefiled in a world of pitch? In this fashion spins the familiar coin of sentimental cynicism—the one side self-hatred, the other side self-pity. It is the recognizable coin of the half-realm—the realm of half-thinking and half-feeling —of the parasitical professions.

But the point is, of course, that there have always, at all times and in all places, been parasitical professions. The advertising-radio man of today was the adventurer-mountebank of yesterday. Back of every Vic Norman stretches a long line of gentlemen who lived by their wits, making a good if not very peaceful thing out of the gullibility of the general public. The phenomenon is not new to society. What is new is the seriousness with which we and Vic himself now take it, a seriousness for which, obviously, there is sound reason. For if we can no longer laugh at a Vic Norman, it is because there are too many of him and he has too much power. We could make a comic or romantic or picaresque novel out of a river-boat gambler because the river-boat gambler was not forming our society; he was a special instance, at odds with the dominant forces of his culture. But a Vic Norman is neither a special case nor at odds with the dominant influences of his day. He *is* one of the dominant influences of his day. Already he controls important avenues of communication and education, and at the drop of a hat he can control government and our actual physical as well as spiritual fates. (Vic himself was in the OWI, Mr. Wakeman tells us.) To read a book like "The Hucksters," then, as mere amusement—indeed, as anything less than a frightening document of our times—is to fool ourselves that when we are given the radio spectacle, we are given a show for which only the producers pay. Soon enough we shall have to reckon the cost to ourselves.

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Films

JAMES AGEE

ORSON WELLES'S new movie, "The Stranger," is a tidy, engaging thriller about a Nazi arch-criminal (Mr. Welles) who hides out as a teacher in a New England boys' prep school. It seems to have raised the question, in the minds of some people, whether Welles has any right to make movies at all. I think I understand why it raises such a question. For years Welles was fatuously overrated as a "genius," boy and otherwise; possibly, for that matter, he overrated himself. In any case, many people who overrated him and many others still who, knowing better and annoyed by all the talk, stupidly blamed Welles for it and underrated him—as I did for a while—are now so eager to think ill of him that they will hardly bother to look at what is before them. I am perfectly willing to agree with anyone who points out that this is "only human" if such people are equally willing to accept my synonyms for that, which are that it is also contemptible and, in its genteel way, criminal. So far as I can make out, Welles never was and never will be a "genius," but he is just as gifted as he ever was. In this film he is not using the most adventurous, not to say florid, of his gifts, but neither is he indulging any of his weaknesses. There is nothing about the picture that even appears to be "important" or "new," but there is nothing pretentious or arty either, and although I have occasionally seen atmospheres used in films in far grander poetic context, I don't think I have seen them more pleasantly and expertly appreciated. In a quite modest way the picture is, merely, much more graceful, intelligent, and enjoyable than most other movies; and I think that anyone capable of looking at it without bias will find plenty of reason to be glad that Welles is back at work.

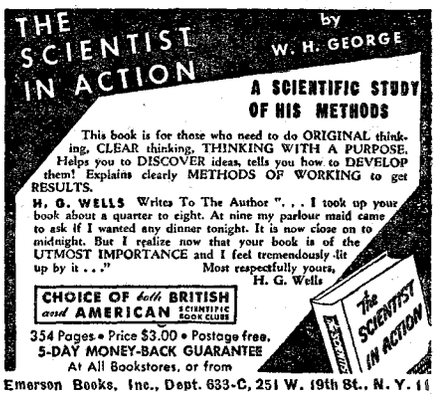
Although Mr. Welles takes a reasonable amount of care not to insist on it, "The Stranger" is an "art" movie; Ben Hecht has been rather less cautious, in both good and bad ways, in making his thriller about an insane ballet dancer, "Specter of the Rose." There is little if anything unprecedented in the way he has gone about making it, but it happens to be one of the very few right ways that are conceivably available in Hollywood. He persuaded Republic Studios that it might well be worth risking the cost of a B picture, $200,000, on a serious film for a limited audience; and that he should be let alone in making it. His juvenile leads combined two great advantages in being both new to movies and cheap; two of his supporting players are Michael Chekhov and Judith Anderson. He shared production and direction with his highly experienced camera man, Lee Garmes. A great deal of rehearsing was done outside the studio. The only thing that went wrong was the movie itself—or enough of it to do bad harm to all the good that is in it. But enough of the movie went right to make it clear that under those circumstances it is not inevitable that such movies go wrong—though it is possible that men of surer taste than Mr. Hecht's could not raise the money and get the hands-off agreement. Hecht's taste is—if I can trust, as I have to, my own palate—so often rancid that I can commend only his intention and his method, and the generic good sense of the Republic executives, with a whole heart. Yet much in the film is worth seeing. I was delighted by Chekhov's performance as a sweet androgyne; by the fresh air of hope, pleasure, and freedom in which the picture moves because it was made that way; by a beautiful after-dinner speech delivered by a small-time patron of the arts; and by a good deal of the athletic innocence of backstage ballet. Republic has tried this sort of thing before—notably with Gustav Machaty's "Jealousy"—and plans, I gather, to keep on trying. Regardless of the uneven qualities of the films, I feel that Republic is heartily to be respected and thanked, and I hope they make enough money out of such pictures to develop—and spread—a policy. For sooner or later, under this kind of arrangement, some first-rate things are going to be done; and the chances look very slim that they will get done in any other way, in this country.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

MOZART'S Violin Concerto K. 219 in A major has been recorded for Columbia by Adolf Busch and his Chamber Players (Set 609; $4.85). It is one of Mozart's fine early works, with a heart-piercingly lovely slow movement between high-spirited fast movements, in the first of which the Mozartian high spirits spring on the unsuspecting listener quite the most breathtaking of all of the first entrances that Mozart was ever to contrive for the solo instrument in his concertos. The style that the work requires in performance it has in the Busch performance; the beautiful sound that it requires it does not have: Busch's tone is thin and colorless, and occasionally is made harsh by recording that makes the sound of the orchestra brash and hoarse throughout. The old Victor set, on the other hand, offers the beautiful sound—beautifully reproduced by the records—of the performance by Heifetz and the London Philharmonic under Barbirolli; and in addition Heifetz for once plays in the fast movements with admirable simplicity. His pace in the first movement is a little deliberate, and he lingers a bit over the melodic episodes in the development; but this is negligible: what spoils the performance is his sentimental retardations and phraseological affectations in the slow movement.

Various faulty balances in the recording of the Philadelphia Orchestra's performance of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony under Ormandy (Set 570; $5.85) weaken the sound of the violins, dull what must have been the brilliant sonority of the entire orchestra, make the English horn sound a mile away in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the slow movement (two sides of which, in my copy, waver in pitch); and there is nothing in Ormandy's treatment of the work that should make anyone want the set even with those defects.

We are informed that Elie Siegmeister's "Ozark Set," recorded by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set X-262; $2.85) "depicts musically the life of the Ozark Mountain people of Missouri and Arkansas." Listening to its four sections, *Morning in the Hills, Camp Meeting, Lazy Afternoon,* and *Saturday Night,* I had the impression that I had heard them all before—as in fact I probably had, since they are a facile rehashing of some of the clichés of that kind of "American" music. The work is excellently performed and recorded.

The three parts of Ibert's "Escales" ("Ports of Call")—*Palermo, Tunis-Nefta,* and *Valencia*—are a rehashing of some European clichés. This work also is well-performed by Rodzinski with the New York Philharmonic (Set X-263; $2.85); and the recorded sound of the performance is clear and bright with a wide-range Brush pick-up, but not with the limited range Astatic Tru-Tan.

Columbia, which several years ago issued a set of the famous songs from "Show Boat" sung by Helen Morgan, Paul Robeson, Countess Albani, and James Melton, has issued a new set (611; $5.85) of these songs and three others—"Cotton Blossom," "Life Upon the Wicked Stage," and the new "Nobody Else But Me"—sung by Jan Clayton, Carol Bruce, Charles Fredericks, Kenneth Spencer, and others of the cast of the present revival. I am unable to compare their performances with the earlier ones, and can only report that Miss Clayton's singing is as poor, and the rest of the singing as good, on the records as in the theater.

I should have reported long before this on the excellent Decca set (381; $6.50) of the music of "Bloomer Girl" sung by Celeste Holm, Joan McCracken, David Brooks, and others of the original cast. It offers not only the best—like "T'morra, T'morra," "Right As Rain," "Evelina," "Sunday in Cicero Falls"—but the pleasantly routine; and one's pleasure from each would be greater if the cleverly effective lyrics, which at best one has to strain for and at worst one cannot make out at all, were printed in the accompanying booklet, as they are for Decca's set (367; $4.25) of "A Connecticut Yankee," in which the superb "Thou Swell" and "My Heart Stood Still" and the other delightful songs are well sung by Julie Warren, Dick Foran, Vivienne Segal, and others of the cast of the recent revival. Decca should also have provided the lyrics for its set (362; $2.75) of "Girl Crazy," in which "Embraceable You," "I'm Bidin' My Time," "I Got Rhythm," and the other songs are sung attractively by Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney with annoying contributions from the orchestra, a male quintet, and a harmonica quintet. It does provide the text for "Carmen Jones," sung by the original cast (Set 366; $6.50); but the work turns out to lose point and effectiveness without the context of the stage spectacle and action.

Victor's set (995; $3) of "On the Town" offers the ballet music—which is not interesting without the ballet—conducted by Bernstein himself, and lush choral arrangements of some of the songs. Someone who wants the songs will do better to get the Decca set (416; $2.75), in which a couple of them are sung by Mary Martin, and others by Nancy Walker, Betty Comden, and Adolf Green of the original cast. Only "Lucky to Be Me" has a good tune; some of the others—like "Ya Got Me" and "I Can Cook Too"—are made by their lyrics and the performances.

CONTRIBUTORS

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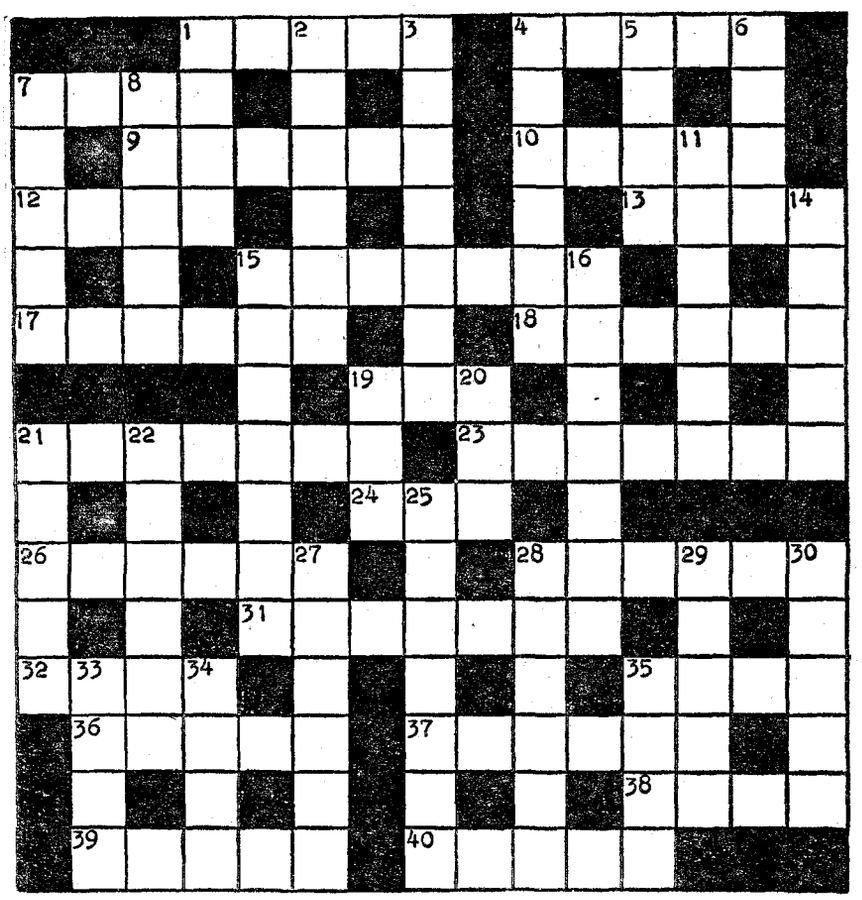
By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Bees have them — so do people
4 May shelter sheep, but aren't their fleeces
7 To the ----, all things are slightly indecent
9 Metal clock, or clock metal
10 The Phoenicians invented it
12 His Fire is famous
13 Prow
15 Historic Italian beachhead
17 Many old ones are paid off
18 Pacific island I hit at
19 Where many lie deep in their sleep, or something
21 Beethoven's one and only opera
23 Borotra's erstwhile tennis partner
24 An orange grower
26 Paper is in short supply, but he still produces it
28 Comic character
31 One on whose life an annuity depends
32 A mark of servitude
35 Ground grain
36 Sacred song
37 Elsa is
38 Divinely shaped, said Hamlet
39 A good sport is a good one
40 Scene of two military disasters within seventy years

DOWN

1 A novel character
2 Flowers or fiddles
3 Preliminary, maybe, to the making of a fruit drink or a jam
4 Surely the men in it are in hard case?
5 Bronzes
6 Cloud-Cuckoo-Land?
7 Plowman who saw a vision
8 A Shakespeare lover
11 The science of morals
14 I am in a state of bewilderment
15 King of the sea beasts?
16 It's more like a cracker, really
19 A pacifier
20 Mountainous (?) hero of Byron's *Siege of Corinth*
21 Finery, even if slightly reduced, is still overbright
22 In summer there may be ice in them: mostly they are ice
25 Mr. Spooner liked his well-boiled
27 One having no fixed abode
28 Felt
29 Birds do it
30 Poachers try not to break them
33 Round on a mate
34 Lugs
35 Appearance

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 165

ACROSS:—1 GRAIL; 4 BRAVO; 7 FARO; 9 HANSOM; 10 EAGER; 12 UNIT; 13 OAST; 15 RENAULT; 17 EXETER; 18 EROICA; 19 SOP; 21 PATRIOT; 23 AUSTRIA; 24 YAP; 26 POPGUN; 28 CLIENT; 31 EARACHE; 32 SEAR; 35 MAIN; 36 ETUDE; 37 MIRROR; 38 UTES; 39 SET BY; 40 CASTE.

DOWN:—1 GOAT; 2 ANSWER; 3 LUMBAGO; 4 BEETLE; 5 ARGO; 6 OARS; 7 FLUTE; 8 RHINE; 11 EASIER; 14 TIARA; 15 RESIDUE; 16 TRESTLE; 19 STY; 20 PAP; 21 PEPYS; 22 TIPCAT; 25 ANAEMIC; 27 NAPERY; 28 CHORES; 29 EWART; 30 TANKS; 33 EELS; 34 RUST; 35 MOUR.

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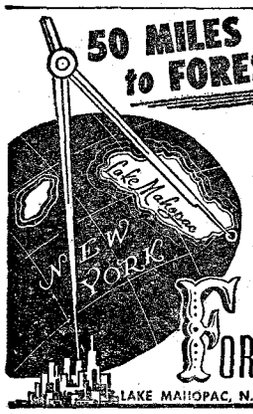

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